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HER INDIAN LOVER

A Story of the Recent Indian Uprising in Minnesota—A Mystery Solved Through Love and Loyalty.

By HENRY DALE.

CHAPTER I.

A SENTIMENTAL GIRL'S STRANGE LOVER.

"Well, I declare, it don't seem possible!" said Mr. Cain, well known in Walker, and, in fact, all over Minnesota. Mr. Cain was one of the wealthy lumbermen of the great northwest. He was about fifty years of age, his hair streaked with gray, and a deep shadow expressive of some great sorrow had come over his face.

When he gave utterance to the above remark he was sitting in the small hotel office at Walker talking to some gentlemen with whom he had business dealings. George Hansum, the proprietor of the establishment, was in the party.

"It's true as gospel, Mr. Cain," declared mine host. "I hev believed it fur some time, but wife she knows it, for Alice admitted it."

"I know Alice Sutherland. She is the child of my dead friend, and I regard it as my duty to protect her, and she shall not marry this Indian. She was always a sentimental girl, with romantic notions in her head, but who in Heaven's name would ever dream that she was so foolish as to fall in love with an Indian?"

"Well, Mr. Cain, ye never seed this Indian Charlie, hev ye?"

"No."

"He's as spruce and trim a young feller as ye ever saw. He's 25 years old, dresses well, was educated in Pennsylvania and is smart as a whip. What is more, there's not a handsomer man in the whole country."

"But he's an Indian, a Pillager, a Chippewa, and the blood is contaminated. I tell you, it won't do. She must not marry him."

"How can ye prevent it?"

"Why, the girl's insane. That's all the conclusion anyone can arrive at, and she must be taken by force to the State asylum. I will swear out the warrant of her insanity myself."

"Well, lem me tell ye, if ye do it at all, ye better do it tonight, for it's my opinion that she will elope with him tomorrow. This trouble with the Bear Island Injuns is goin' te be serious. Them fellers that were arrested for cuttin' timber on government land were rescued and it was said Charlie was one of the gang that helped rescue 'em. General Bacon and Major Wilkins, with the soldiers, are come to attack 'em and she'll go to Charlie and perish with the Injuns."

"I'll attend to it tonight."

"Better do it this very hour," put in the landlord. "I tell ye a minit lost may lose all. The girl may take the hint at any moment and fly to her Indian lover, who, I'll bet my head, ain't a thousand miles from Walker at this moment."

Even while the little group of men were talking in low earnest tones, a fair face, which had suddenly became unearthly white, was just outside, and an eye was at the keyhole. The eavesdropper was a young girl of eighteen, a brave, Christian, beautiful girl, who had come to the great northwest to teach an Indian mission school. Her name was Alice Sutherland.

Alice may have been romantic, and what girls are not? She may have been sentimental. She had a gentle heart which went out in sympathy to all the oppressed and down-trodden races.

By accident she met the brave young warrior known as Indian Charlie, the son of old Chan-ni-tow. Though Chan-ni-tow was a full-blooded Chippewa, Charlie seemed to be almost white. In fact she had seen many white men fully as dark as he. His eyes and hair were black but his skin remarkably fair for even a half-blood. Tradition had it that Charlie's mother was a white woman and from her the young Indian drew so much of his white characteristics.

Charlie was well educated, was refined and usually wore the garb of civilization. When he did don the garb of the Indian, it only seemed to add a picturesqueness to his beauty and manly appearance. He stood high in the tribe and was spoken of as a coming chief. He had more than once prevented an open rupture between the Indian tribes and timber cutters. White men who stole timber often laid the charge to the door of the Indians, though the Indians were frequently guilty of the same offense.

While trying to defend an innocent young Indian from an assault by timber cutters Charlie was pounced upon by the constable and hurried to prison.

Alice went to visit him in prison as a Christian duty, and there met him for the first time. She was first amazed at the young man's intelligence, then he awoke her sympathy, and when she learned his many noble characteristics, her love. The love proved mutual, and, notwithstanding their difference in society, they were betrothed. Never for a moment had Alice regretted that she had given her heart and promised her hand to Indian Charlie, for the more she saw of him, the more she admired, respected, and loved him.

"They intend to tear me away from the only person I love," she whispered, rising to her feet. "They shall not. There is to be another cruel Indian war, and my love will die. Oh, Charlie, I will go to you, and die with you!" she mentally ejaculated.

Alice hurried to the small room she had occupied since she had been teaching the mision school, and hastily made up a few of her effects into a little bundle. This she dropped from the window and then climbed through and dropped to the ground.

She found her bundle among the bushes and taking it under her arm, hurried away from the little frontier village. As she was passing the mill she heard voices before her, and caught a glimpse of two men. Then she crept away and hid among the great logs so that they could not find her.

Her heart beat fast with intense excitement, and she continued to murmur:

"A war—a war—they will kill my Charlie. I will die with him. No, no, they shall not separate us! They shall not separate us!"

When the men were gone she rose from her hiding

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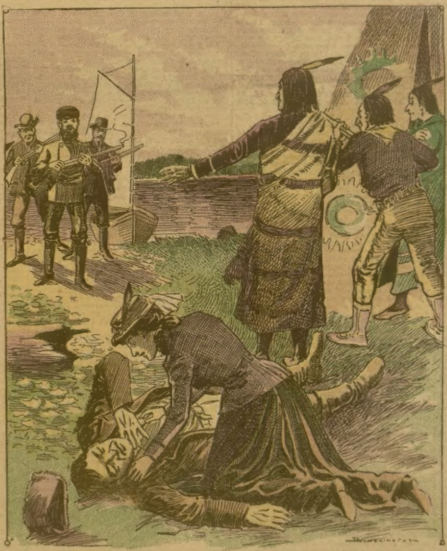


Old Chan-in-tow suddenly rose and said, "White man, you've killed your own child!"

THE INSANE WIFE.

A Solitary Husband—A Young Heart Threatened With Blight—Love Leads Them to the Gates of Peace.

By MAX HAMILTON.

The short December day was closing in. The twilight mingled pleasantly with the ruddy glow of the fire, and the girl at the window could no longer see to read. She looked, instead, into the neighboring garden, bounded by low hedges and wind-bowed fir trees sharply outlined against a glowing crimson sky. And on the same background the small head made a charming silhouette; the rounded cheeks and dainty pointed chin, the low, straight brow and little self-willed nose, and above all the soft halo of fluffy hair. The thin, rasping voice of a mother roused the girl from the wintry thoughts which had saddened her large dark eyes. A list of domestic cares was enumerated, and then the girl's mother approached the window and endeavored to claim the fugitive attention of her daughter by subjects nearer home.

"Maisie," she began, hesitatingly, "I want to speak to you again about—" (the girl knew the particular tone of voice and broke in quickly with: "Oh, mother, please not that!") "My dear girl, it's positively ridiculous the way you always interrupt and refuse to listen to reason," and, with a whine, "it makes my position exceedingly awkward and unpleasant. What am I to do with you? Do you realize your age, Maisie? Nearly 24. Why, your sisters were all married before they were your age, and Connie had two children.

"At present," the mother went on, relentlessly, "I am besieged on all sides by men who wish to marry you, for you are a pretty girl, Maisie—prettier than any of your sisters, and more like your dear grandmother, who was quite a belle in her time—but in a few years nobody will look at you, your chances of happiness and of making a good match will be over forever. Percival Sutton"—("Ah! I knew that was coming," sighed the girl)—"said he would come to tea this evening, and he is very anxious to speak to you. Tonight you really must give him his answer, and I can only say that if you send him away with a refusal I will take no more trouble about you. He is the best match in the country; young, rich, intelligent, heir to a baronetcy—and remember, none of your sisters is titled—indeed, you cannot do better."

After a pause she went on. "I want to know what stands in your way of doing as the others had sense enough to do—of setting my mind at rest about you, and of taking up a position in life as the wife of a good man?"

"You mean a rich man the girl said languidly, folding her hands and again turning her eyes to the garden.

A tall man, with bowed head and hands clasped behind him, was walking restlessly over the little lawn, a few inches of freshly fallen snow deadening the sound of his quick footsteps, and the girl watched with unconscious fascination the dark shadowy prints left in the flat whiteness. The tall stranger, with the grave face and athletic though now stooping form, had never shown the slightest desire to make friends; indeed, had seemed determined to avoid any chance or risk of doing so. Years ago, when the girl's mother had called upon the lonely newcomer, she found him at home, and he only acknowledged the visit by a polite note of thanks explaining that he never made or received calls, and lived a life of study and unbroken solitude. Tonight, as her mother talked, and the girl's attention wandered to the growing number of blue-gray footprints in the snow, an unusual circumstance arrested her thoughts and drew her still farther from the sordid and wearisome conversation. A servant came out of the house and handed to the man an orange-colored envelope, which he did not open till he was again alone. Then he disappeared.

The girl returned to consciousness with a slight start, and became dimly aware of a question in her mother's face and voice. She risked, at random, the first answer that occurred to her: "Oh, yes, if you like, mother!" The reply was evidently appropriate. A smile diffused the hard, weary features of the elder woman; the very silk of her gown seemed to squeak sudden approval.

"My dear good child, this is sweet of you. That poor young man will be so happy." Whereupon the dear good child was enveloped in a black silk embrace and covered with impulsive kisses.

"And you will tell him so yourself, dearie; or shall I see him alone first? I expect you will both feel a little shy and constrained."

"I should like you to see him by yourself, mother," said the girl, rising and wondering with complete disinterest what would be the outcome of her mental aberration and wandering response.

"And may I tell him——" said the mother, eagerly.

"Anything you like," her daughter answered as she disappeared.

The servant entered with a tea tray, made up the fire, and lowered the blinds. The girl passed swiftly through the hall, wrapping a soft gray cloak about her as she went, and then, opening a side door and closing it quietly behind her, she slipped out into the snow-covered garden. In the low hedge which divided it from the neighboring patch there was a broken space large enough to squeeze through, and a moment later she was skimming across the very lawn where she had just seen the owner's footsteps multiplying in the snow. As she had expected, he had left his garden door open, and through this she made her way into the hall, and thence into the only room from which as yet a light emerged. A cozy fire and a red-shaded lamp showed her a charming study, lined from floor to ceiling with books, and in a deep arm chair before the fire she beheld her three years' neighbor, the owner of this delightful little sanctum.

On the threshold she stood still with astonishment. From what she had seen of his face she had not thought him remarkable in appearance—this man was without doubt singularly handsome. She had believed the bowed form belonged to a man of fifty at least, whereas this man could not have been more, and was probably less than thirty-five. A vague sense of vexation filled her, and she wished she had not yielded to the ridiculous impulse which had brought her thither. Then, in a moment, a revulsion of feeling made her glad, with a great throb of gladness, that she had obeyed the dictates of her folly. He looked up from the fire, gazed at her abstractedly for half a second, and when he spoke his voice showed no surprise.

"Come in and shut the door," was his greeting. "I have been wanting you."

"You are alone, as usual?" she asked, drawing nearer.

"I am always alone. Why in the world did you come?"

"You had a telegram just now, in the garden," she explained; "I feared it might be bad news."

He gave a little hard, mirthless laugh. "Bad news has long ceased to be possible in my life," he said, coldly. "Was that why you came?"

"Yes."

"Reason enough to keep most people away," he remarked, drily. They looked at each other and were silent. At last she asked: "Why do you walk round and round your lawn every evening?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Force of habit, I presume; it is the way I think."

Then, hastily changing the subject, he inquired: "What will your mother say when you tell her where you've been?"

"I don't think it will occur to her to ask. Her thoughts are taken up at the present moment"—she glanced at the clock—"in accepting an offer of marriage on my behalf. She is an admirable woman; I am her sixth daughter, and when she has disposed of me we shall all have been married before the age of twenty-four."

The girl was gazing at him steadily and without flinching; vaguely she found herself wondering if there had ever been a time in her life when she had not known him—when, in fact, this stranger had not been her first and greatest thought, the supreme interest which completely filled the emptiness of her world. So had love come to her unsought, and as yet she knew it not by that name. When she spoke her voice was low and appealing: "Well, it can matter little how one works out one's destiny if in the end all will infallibly turn out well. For instance, I shall marry this man of my mother's choice, and perhaps for a few years we will be miserable together; but at last death will free one of us, and then life's object will become clear and I will view it with the impartiality of my last hour, from the standpoint of age, experience or resignation, as a charming picture in a circular frame, and shall smile to see how well the colors blended." She laughed hopelessly.

"Poor little girl," he muttered, rising, and, leaning against the mantelpiece, he looked down at her with yearning, dreamy eyes. "Shall I tell you the riddle of my life?" he asked. She assented.

"Ten years ago I married the girl my father chose for me—an heiress, the only child of rich and indulgent parents. We did not love each other—a punishment which I doubtless deserved. Less than a year after our marriage I first noticed a strange expression in my wife's face, which day by day became more apparent, and then she began to talk strangely and to say senseless things. Vainly I strove to fight the fear which was fast growing to certainty, till at last the violence of a mad woman left me in doubt no longer as to the terrible thing which had come upon me. I discovered then that her grandmother had died in an asylum, and that a brother, whose very existence had been hidden from me, had shot himself while temporarily insane. I won't describe to you the horror of the next few months, when the best brain doctors in London pronounced her case hopelessly incurable, and when I had done all I could to restore the balance of her disordered mind, without avail. I did not want to send the poor thing away; but the matter was taken out of my hands. When I was recovering from a knife wound in my left temple—you see I am destined to carry a reminder of her to my grave—the doctors insisted on removing her to an asylum, and there I have been obliged to leave her ever since."

The girl had drawn nearer to him; his story had been a shock to her, but her thoughts were not of herself. "How dreadful!" she said, "and how lonely you must often be! Why have you never let me known you all these years?"

"I—I dared not!"—he turned away. He did not see the glory of love and suffering that shone in her soft dark eyes. Maybe he heard both in her voice, for there stole into his eyes the light of happiness.

"It was unkind of you," she said; "I might have been better than nothing."

She crept close to him and shyly put her hands in one of his; he bent over them, holding them to his brow. "Little girl, you don't understand," he said softly. "Better than nothing!—it was just because you are better than everything that I could not say to you 'Come!' Every day since I first came here I think I would have given my soul to see you come in at that door as you did tonight. And so the years passed. I was often lonely, but it satisfied me to know that you were near. It amused me to wonder what we should say to each other if ever we met."

"Yet," said the girl, "I wonder that you can hold such happy theories about life! Do you really believe that your riddle will be solved?"

"I think," he answered gravely, "it was solved by the telegram you saw me open in the garden; it brought me the news of my poor wife's death—and you came to save me from the horror of my thoughts."

The girl would have drawn away her hands, but he detained them; she swayed a little, and he supported her with his arm. "I must go back," she said faintly. He folded her cloak about her tenderly. "I am going to take you home," he said. "From henceforth our lives shall be as one."

She lifted her lips and kissed, and together they went out.

HER INDIAN LOVER.

Continued from first page.

place, and keeping in the darkest shadows of the lumber piles, buildings and bushes, made her way from the settlement. It was a clear night, but there was no moon. The stars shone brightly in the heavens and the air was bracing and sharp, but not too cool to be uncomfortable, especially as she was walking fast or running all the time.

"I know where I will find him," she said to herself. "He has been sent from the island to reconnoitre, and learn if the soldiers have come. Oh, if the marshal would only be patient, Charlie would induce the Indians, charged with cutting the timber, to surrender.

Her blood thrilled and then seemed to stand still as she heard the tread of feet coming toward her.

She was now out of the village, and she crept into the tall grass and lay down.

Already the frost flakes had begun to glisten on the grass blades and the air was still and sharp.

When they were gone she rose, her whole frame trembling with the most intense excitement. On and on she hastened until she came to the vast sheet of water which she knew was the lake. In the distance she could hear the voice of her pursuers, and the deep baying of a bloodhound.

"This is the point," she gasped, in an undertone. "There is the blasted pine and there the standing rock. Oh, Charlie, Charlie, Heaven grant that you may be there! Where are you, Charlie?"

Down the sloping hill like a frightened fawn she flew, her swift twinkling feet leaping from ledge to ledge for the sounds of pursuers drew nearer.

At last she espied a small fire near the water. In a moment she was all attention and fixed her eyes on the flames.

A solitary man sat by the fire while not far away was a canoe drawn up on the shore. The solitary person by the fire was young and handsome of form. He wore a deerskin jacket and cap of heavier fur. There was something noble and inspiring in the very contour of the man, but when he raised his head and the glance fell on those classical features, one was convinced he was far above the ordinary.

He wore coarse hunting trousers and high top boots, a belt of cartridges was about his waist, which also supported his revolvers, while on the ground at his side lay a beautiful Winchester rifle. No one would take this man for an Indian, yet all over northern Minnesota he was well known as Indian Charlie.

She recognized him the moment he raised his head, and with a glad cry of "Charlie, Charlie!" rushed into his arms.

For a moment the noble young fellow stood holding the trembling girl who like a frightened bird had flown to his arms, then in his deep manly voice he asked:

"Alice, what does this mean? Are you pursued?"

"Yes, Charlie. Never was a hunted hare more sought than I. They are coming, Charlie, to tear me away from you, to drag me off to an asylum for loving you."

The shouts of the pursuers and baying of bloodhounds could be heard drawing nearer and the young brave drew the maiden he loved closer to his breast, and grasper his rifle, while he set his teeth in splendid but dangerous rage.

CHAPTER II.

THE LUMBERMAN'S STORY.

Judah Cain was one of the most impulsive men one ever met. His heart was tender as a woman's, his judgment was usually keen and sagacious.

He loved Tom Sutherland, his old schoolmate, who had for sixteen years slept in his grave, and that love for Sutherland descended to his daughter. But it made him hate the object of her affections.

That Alice would love a young Indian brave seemed hardly possible, even though that brave was to become a chief.

"The young devil has bewitched her," he declared, "and all we need do is to remove her from under his influence, and she will be restored to her senses. Alice is a good girl, an intelligent girl, and will come to look at this matter in the right light; but perdition take that redskin, I will kill him!"

Mr. Cain had had so many dealings with the Indians of the great northwest, and witnessed so much of their treachery that he had long since concluded there were "no good Indians but dead Indians."

Then he made up his mind to take Alice to some private asylum, and it took him but two minutes to arrive at that conclusion, and he proceeded at once to put the thought into execution. Mrs. Hansum was sent to bring in the girl, and a few moments later returned with a blank expression on her face.

"Where is she?" asked Cain.

"She's gone."

"Gone, yes, sir; and taken part of her things."

"I'll bet a thousand dollars she's gone to Bear Island."

"She hasn't been gone long, sir, for she was there not ten minutes ago, I'd swear," declared Mrs. Hansum.

"Come, let's pursue her. I'll give a thousand dollars if we rescue her from that redskin and five hundred for his infernal scalp."

With half a dozen armed frontiersmen who were experienced in Indian warfare, he started in pursuit of the girl. To follow the trail in the dark was impossible, so they procured a bloodhound which had been kept to chase criminals, and several times during her flight poor Alice had heard the deep baying of the monster.

As Indian Charlie clasped the loved object to his breast he heard the deep-mouthed bay of the bloodhound and a wild rage seemed to swell his soul. He grasped his gun and his eyes flashed with a fire never seen in those limpid orbs before.

She interpreted this awful meaning and pointing to the canoe, whispered:

"No, no, Charlie; let is go away. They have no boat, and cannot follow us. For my sake take me to your people, even though there is war. We can perish together there."

"I have been for peace and could have controlled the Indians," said Charlie, "but now that my blood is so accursed that even those I love are hunted with dogs, let the war come!"

They hurried to the canoe, he gently placed her in it, and seizing the paddle, sent the frail craft speeding out over the lake.

In a few moments the pursurers burst out on the shore and Mr. Cain cried:

"There they go! There goes the infernal rascal with the girl; bring him down!"

Up went his rifle to his shoulder.

"Be careful or you will hit the girl!" cried one of the frontiersmen.

The warning caused the marksman to fire to the left of the fugitives, the ball splashing the water within a few feet of them.

Other shots were fired with as little effect and Charlie's strong paddle soon placed them far beyond their range.

Mr. Cain was now like a mad man.

"We must have them, we must kill him, come what may! There is a little sailboat not far from here, let us get it and pursue them!"

"To Bear Island?"

"Yes, to Bear Island, or to the devil. The soldiers will soon be there!"

The little boat was secured, and they placed enough provisions in it to last them for several days and cast off, gliding out on the smooth water.

As they were in advance of the soldiers, they decided to land at a small thickly wooded, but uninhabited island, to pass the night and await the coming of the dawn. They put in at the island and, going ashore, built a fire in the thick bushes where there was no danger of even the faintest glow getting beyond.

After they had broiled their steaks and eaten their bread, they lighted their pipes and proceeded to smoke in silence. An expression of sadness crept over the face of Mr. Cain as his mind went back into the dim past, and he seemed to recall some event that transpired which filled his soul with sorrow.

"Do you ever have storms on this lake?" one of the men asked.

"Not to amount to anything."

The word storm seemed to arouse Mr. Cain and he said:

"Yes, there was one; one storm that might make even the oldest sailor afloat on the ocean tremble with fear."

"When was it, Mr. Cain?"

The lumberman brushed his hand across his face as he answered:

"It was twenty-three years ago this summer. Oh, God, I have good reason to remember that storm."

"Why, did you lose some rafts?"

"Worse."

"What?"

"All I had to love."

For a moment there was a deep silence in the group. The lumberman was too much overcome to speak, and his hearers, out of respect, preserved a silence.

The fire snapped the dry faggots, and the wind sighed through the branches of the trees above them. After several moments of painful silence the lumberman said:

"I suppose I ought to relieve your curiosity; and I will do so. It is not opening the old wound in my heart, for that wound has never been closed.

"I was an ambitious young man, eager to conquer the forest and accumulate a fortune. I married a beautiful, refined girl, one who was so ardently attached to me that she would insist on accompanying me to the forests and sharing my privations and hardships. In vain I strove to keep her back in the land of civilization, but it was all to no effect.

"When our child was almost a year old she insisted that I should build a cabin home near the lumber regions where I was working, and of living in it. One day I was suddenly called to the other side of the lake. She had no companion and determined to join me at the other camp. In vain I persuaded her to remain at home, but she seemed miserable when not in my presence, so I got a young fellow named Sol James, to bring her across the lake to our camp.

"I had a little lake yacht, something like the one we came over in, only it was fitted with more elegance. It had an awning and there was a pretty little cabin aft which was furnished with considerable elegance. It had a berth in which my wife and baby could sleep. The distance around to the other lumber camp was twenty-five miles and my wife and child had scarce sailed when the skies became suddenly overcast and the heavens seemed charged with thunder.

"It was one of those electrical storms. The skies were black at five o'clock and by seven all was plunged in midnight gloom, while a perfect hurricane raged. The waves on the lake rose to such an awful height that I knew no boat could live, much less my own little frail craft.

"I was beside myself. I rushed down to the beach and when the lightning's red glare lighted up the awful scene, and I beheld far out on the raging waters the little craft, which was but a speck, tossed about like a feather. I was almost frantic. I believe if some of my men had not seized me I would have thrown myself into the water and been carried away in its fury.

"They dragged me back to the lumber shanty that had not been blown over. All night long great trees crashed about us, and I prayed to God that some of them would send me to join my wife and child. That night was like some awful dream. Morning dawned and the storm abated. As soon as we dared, we set forth in boats on the search for my poor craft.

"After three days it was found broken and dismasted, a wreck, sunken among some rocks. The body of my wife and the faithful Sol James were afterward discovered, and buried, but my precious baby was—was—never recovered," he groaned.

Then a solemn hush came over the camp while the silver-haired lumberman buried his face in his hands.

CHAPTER III.

THE BATTLE—"YOU'VE KILLED YOUR OWN CHILD!"

The trouble with the Bear Island Indians originated over cutting timber on the reservation. Some of the Indians cut timber over the prescribed limits. Indians had been taken to the United States court at Duluth, as witnesses and as prisoners, and discharged without money to go home. They were sometimes compelled to walk two and three days without food. Many of the arrests were no doubt malicious, for the lumbermen in the country were very jealous of the Indians.

An Indian named Bog-Ah-Ma-Ge-Shik was indicted and the United States marshal went to the reservation to arrest him to take him to Duluth, a prisoner. There had been a rumor current among the tribes that they were to be removed by force and they were growing very surly. Before the marshal could get Bog-Ah-Ma-Ge-Shik away, he was rescued by his friends.

When the removal was about to be carried out some of the old chiefs refused to leave their lands. The discontent came to a head when two unpopular mixed-blood deputy marshals, who had managed to get the "lion's share of dead and down timber," tried to exercise their authority in making arrests.

On September 17, 1898, a band of twenty Pillagers took away two prisoners from Deputy Marshal Morrison by force. The marshal finding himself unable to execute the law called to his aid the United States soldiers, and this brought General Bacon and Major Wilkinson on the scene.

On Wednesday, October 5, at daylight the steamers Flora and Chief were boarded by a full company of regulars in command of General Bacon and Major Wilkinson, who were accompanied by Marshal O'Connor, nine deputies, and a squad of agency Indians, who went along as interpreters and peacemakers. The boat arrived at Bear Island a little after eight o'clock, but because there was a heavy fog and a good many Indians around, two of the Leech Lake Indians went ashore to explain what was wanted. The landing of the troops was effected a little after ten o'clock.

Marshal O'Connor began operations by trying to get Bush Ear out for a conference. The old man, who claimed to be sixty-two years of age, said the air was too raw and he didn't want to take chances in the open air, on account of his lung trouble.

The marshal returned to General Bacon and reported the answer of Bush Ear, saying he believed it only to be a ruse. While they were talking and the soldiers standing at an order arms, a shot was sent straight into the ranks of the troops from Bush Ear's hut.

This was the signal for the battle, and immediately the sharp crack of rifles rang out from the bushes on the north and east. Soldiers fell and for a moment the regulars seemed in danger of annihilation.

"Steady, steady, boys, steady!" cried General Bacon. "Lie down on your faces, and do not fire until you see an Indian. Now, steady, fire!"

The men held their ground bravely and after ten minutes of the hottest kind of firing drove the Indians back further into the woods.

Major Wilkinson was one of the heroes of that fierce contest. The bullets were flying thick as hail when he was shot through the leg.

He paused but for a moment to tie it up and then again placed himself at the head of the little band of heroes, shouting:

"Forward, boys! Forward! Steady, now, forward!"

An old Indian who had had experience on the war trail, and who knew that the gallant major was one of the spirits of the battle, leveled his rifle at him, took a deliberate aim at his head, and pulled the trigger.

The sharp crack of the rifle rang on the aim and the major fell with a mortal wound. For a moment he lay wallowing in a pool of his own blood, struggling to get on his feet. It is hard for a warrior to give up even to death.

General Bacon ran to him and bending over him, asked:

"Major, are you badly wounded?"

"No. Give them hell, general! Never mind me!"

He sank back, and in a few moments was dead, never having spoken again.

The Indians were driven back a short distance into the woods, the dead and wounded hurriedly gathered up and taken to the beach, while the soldiers fell back to the water front and began to throw up a breastwork in the sand.

Until three o'clock the firing at long range was continued.

The above is a brief account of the first engagement at Bear Island in Leech lake. We will now return to the characters in this story, with whom the reader is doubtless most interested.

Indian Charlie and Alice reached Bear Island early in the morning, and landing, went to a lodge that stood in the densest jungle about a fourth of a mile from the lake front.

"You will be safe from your pursuers here, Alice. Whatever happens, you must remain quiet," said Charlie.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"I am going to hunt up Bush Ear. I was for peace even to the despoiling of our homes, but now that they have pursued you with bloodhounds, I would be a craven not to fight."

"Then there will be an Indian war?"

"The Indians will defend themselves against white oppression. The ultimate end anyone of sense may foretell, but we are not the cravens to let those whom we love be insulted with impunity. Alice, why does this man, Judah Cain, take such an interest in your capture?"

For a moment Alice was silent. She knew full well that it was because Cain was prompted by the noblest sentiment, that he wanted to seize her. The love for an Indian was degrading and he sought to save her.

"It is because of my love for you, Charlie; Mr. Cain is a good man; he loves me as if I was his own daughter, but he thinks my love for you insane. He was my father's best, dearest friend, and what he does, he believes is for my good."

The young brave was a sensible, reasonable man, and he sat long and studied over the matter at the door of the lodge. Mr. Cain believed he was right; he was her friend, and he would not kill him as he had first contemplated unless he found it necessary to do so. He told her to stay in the hut until he returned, as he was simply going to Bush Ear's house. He found the old chief buried in slumber, but waking him told him that steamboats were bringing soldiers to the island, and they would land next morning to carry away the men who had resisted the marshal. Bush Ear, Chan-ni-tow and Bog-Ah-Ma-Ge-Shik, all three smoked in silence for an hour, then they began a powwow, and other Indians joined them, until by daylight fully fifty armed warriors were assembled in the bushes just back of Bush Ear's cabin.

Alice, unable to remain longer from Charlie's side, had joined him, and they stood hand clasped in hand while through the morning gloom could be seen two steamers creeping toward the island, loaded down with troops.

"Oh, Charlie murder is so terrible!" she gasped.

"I shall fight only in your defense. The soldiers do not come for you."

But just as the fog finally lifted a little and the two boats ran into land, they saw a sailboat suddenly shoot out form the dense fog and smokelike mist on the lake, and bear down to the left of the boat, landing near where they stood. With white lips she whispered:

"It is Mr. Cain."

The soldiers had already debarked, while they stood gazing on the sailboat that had come into shore. Suddenly a shot, then a volley near the boat landing told the fight was on. Wild yells, curses, and the rapid firing of rifles made a perfect din on their right, and they had almost forgotten the seven men, who, having landed, came bounding up the hill.

Four or five Indians who had fallen back, saw them coming and fired; one man went down, wounded.

"There is the dog!" cried Judah Cain, and, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, fired. Indian Charlie fell, and Alice with a shriek, threw herself across his body. Then old Chan-in-tow suddenly rose before the man with the smoking rifle, and said:

"White man, you've killed your own child!"

(To be continued next week.)

"Bread or Bullets," one of the most fascinating and powerful stories ever written, will begin in the next issue of the Ledger. John R. Musick, the historian and novelist, is the author.

Funniness.

It makes a great difference whether glasses are used over or under the nose.

Anybody can build a castle in the air, but it takes more than a genius to live in one.

A Yankee editor, in his financial article, says, "Money is close, but not close enough to reach."

First Irate Female—I'd hate to be in your shoes. Second Ditto—You couldn't get in them.

The fool seeketh to pick a fly from a mule's hind leg; the wise man letteth the job out to the lowest bidder.

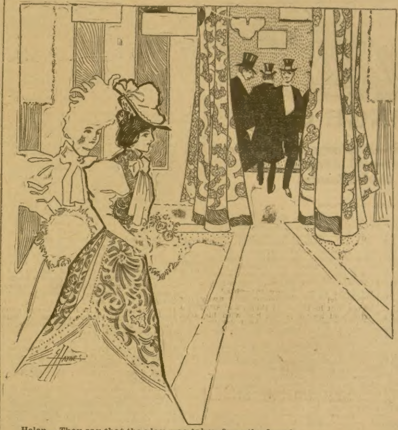
In New York if a young man cheats at croquet, the young ladies caress the flange of his ear with a mallet.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

An Iowa editor recently announced that a certain patron of his was "thieving, as usual." It was written thriving.

A Methodist minister being recently asked if he had moved to his new appointment, said, "Yes, but it is a disappointment."

The editor of the Panama Star apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper by saying that he had to leave off to dig shot out of his legs.



Helen---They say that the play was taken from the french.
Ethel---Lucky French.

AN AWKWARD FIX.

An Irate Father Proceeds to Punish an Insult and Is Lost.

"Confound it! Wherever can Charlotte be?"

Ordinarily M. Chapoulet is as good-tempered and easy going as one would expect a man of 60, who had been like John Gilpin, in his day, a linen draper bold, and has in good time retired to enjoy a modest competency in repose. M. Chapoulet, like the true Parisian he is, will never desert his Ville Lumiere, and has retired no further than from the bustle of the boulevards to the more peaceful Rue de la Trocadero.

There he now lives with his only daughter Charlotte and an old faithful servant of the family, and it is the former whom he is this moment impatiently awaiting.

It is dinner time with the Chapoulets, who dine at 6 o'clock.

M. Chapoulet always begins his dinner with punctuality, but he has never begun it without Charlotte. And Charlotte comes not.

Five minutes past six and M. Chapoulet's impatience becomes annoyance; ten minutes, and it is even anger; a quarter past, and he is furious. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion, but it will none the less ruffle the equanimity of a saint.

Wherever can Charlotte be? She has gone this afternoon to take her music lesson in the Boulevard Barbesse. She goes there three times a week, and always returns in ample time for dinner. Twenty past, anger begins to give way to nervousness; five and twenty, it is alarm; half-past six, and no Charlotte. M. Chapoulet is trembling with anxiety. Hurriedly he summons the old servant, asks for his hat and boots; he will himself go out and see whatever may have happened.

But suddenly there was a merry little rap on the door, and Charlotte enters.

"Oh, papa, I——"

But M. Chapoulet's fear gone, his impatience again usurps supremacy, and reassured about the safety of his daughter, he begins to feel anxious for the flavor of his dinner.

"Come to table first. You can tell me while eating. I shall understand better then."

"Oh, but papa! You don't know. I have had an adventure."

"An adventure!" exclaims M. Chapaulet, starting from his seat and dropping his spoon into the soup, upon which he had already begun.

"Yes, papa! An adventure in the omnibus with a young man."

"The omnibus—with a young man! Parbleu!"

"But with a young man comme il faut, papa, I can assure you."

"You ought to know, Charlotte, that a young man comme il faut has no adventures, above all in an omnibus. What do you mean?"

"It is very simple, papa. You need not make such a cruel face. I had forgotten my purse. That is the thing which happens often enough——"

"Yes, yes; especially to those who haven't got one. Go one."

"I never discovered it until the conductor held out his hand to take my fare. What could I do? What could I say? I should be taken for a pauper—for an adventuress, perhaps. I was crimson, I was pale. I felt that I should faint; when, happily, a young man who sat next to me gave the conductor a piece of silver, saying: 'Take for two.' This gentleman seeing my embarrassment had kindly paid for me."

"Well, miss, you have done a nice thing. Accept five cents from a stranger! You had better have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to all the company. But people should not forget their purses—I never do. And now, how will you return his money? You will never think of keeping it?"

"I have his card, papa: M. Agenor Baluchet, clerk at the ministry of——"

But papa, without hearing another word, snatched the piece of pasteboard from her hand, exclaiming:

"What? This gentleman, not content with insolently lending his five cents, has had the impudence to force his card upon you into the bargain? He is a very scoundrel, your young comme il faut."

"But, papa, I could not return his money if I did not know his address."

M. Chapoulet had not a word to answer to this ingenious argument, but with a gesture of the intensest irritation throws down his serviette upon the table.

"It is written that I shall not dine this evening," he says to the old servant. "Find me a cab at once. I am to restore to this Agenor his five cents immediately, and to tell him a few truths as well."

M. Chapoulet has taken his hat and looks even more enraged than ever. The old servant comes back. "A cabman is at the door, but he will only agree on a single journey."

"Oh, that will do. I can easily find another to return."

Charlotte timidly confides to the sympathizing servant that she knows even more of the young man than she has dared to say. For a month past he has traveled regularly in the same omnibus, and she has noticed that he has noticed, etc., etc.

Agenor, in his bachelor apartments, sits thinking over his experience of the evening. Suddenly a sharp rap at the door, a violent opening, and a stout gentleman, out of breath, his hat upon his ears and cane in hand, breaks in upon his dreaming.

"Monsieur!" exclaims the invader, "your conduct is scandalous. You are not worthy the name of a French gentleman. An honest man would never take advantage of the embarrassment and inexperience of a young lady. To profit by the absence of a father, and a purse, to to offer your money—and your card in the bargain—to an unprotected girl, it may be a good investment, but it is bad action. I have brought you your five cents, sir, and would have you know that, as for my daughter and myself, we wish to have nothing to do with you."

And the stout gentleman, trembling with his vehemence, puts his hand into his pocket to get the money, when, before Agenor has time to recover from his bewilderment, a new actor enters upon the scene. It is the cabman, all furious, with an oath upon his lips, and brandishing his whip in a threatening manner.

"Eh, you! what do you mean? You engage me for a single journey. I tell you I cannot stay. You even order me to hurry. And then you jump from my cab like a madman, and rush in here without a word. None of that for me. I have only one thing to ask. Pay me my money quickly, or——"

And the whip goes round again more emphatically than before.

Agenor understands nothing of it. But the stout gentleman, who has searched vigorously in all his pockets, becomes suddenly pale, then red, then redder still, then crimson, then violent. He is silent in stupefaction a minute, and then, in answer to a more vigorous demand from the cabman, he manages to falter:

"I have—forgotten—my—purse!"

"Oh, yes! I know," cries the enraged cabman. "I have seen that dodge before. You needn't try it on with me. Come along! You shall tell your tale at the police office."

And he begins to drag away by the shoulders the unfortunate Chapoulet, who is ready to fall into an apoplectic fit.

But Agenor, a true providence for the family, draws from his pocket the necessary sum, and dismisses the driver.

"You will allow me, sir," he says to M. Chapaulet, who, all at once understanding that it is possible to forget one's purse, and that of all friends a friend in need is one indeed, can only reply with a smile:

"Monsieur—M. Baluchet, I believe—five cents for the omnibus and fifty cents for the cab, that makes fifty-five cents I owe you. If you will be good enough to dine with me this evening we will settle our affairs at once. As an old business man, I like not outstanding debts. Besides, ready reckonings always makes good friends."

A quarter of an hour later the servant puts a third plate upon the table in the Rue de la Trocadero. A month later there is a still larger party, when the wedding of Charlotte and Agenor is celebrated. And M. Chapoulet will often say to those who care to hear him:

"Beware of borrowing. I made once a debt of 55 cents, and could only repay it with a dowry of $5,000."

Gratifying Their Curiosity.

"Here, quick!" shouted the anxious passenger in the blue suit, who had dropped his valise into the water while hurrying ashore at one of the smart Upper Mississippi river towns, where the steamboat was making a landing.

"Here, quick, somebody," he repeated. "I'll give anyone a dollar that will fish that up for me! I wouldn't lose it for twenty dollars!"

A boy of the genus wharf-rat, attired in a shirt, a pair of trousers, one suspender, and a straw hat with half the brim gone, instantly responded, and after one or two dives succeeded in bringing the lost valise to the surface.

"Thanks, my boy, thanks!" fervently exclaimed the traveler, grasping his property, helping the urchin up on the gangplank and giving him the promised reward.

The owner of the valise stepped ashore, and, as the interested bystanders gathered about him he raised his voice and said:

"When you know what's in that satchel, gentlemen, you will not wonder I don't want to lose it."

Here he opened it, took out a package, carefully removed the wet wrappings from it, and brought to light a small bottle.

"I see it is entirely uninjured," he proceeded. "It is only natural, gentlemen, that you should feel some curiosity about this. It affords me pleasure to gratify that curiosity. This, gentlemen, is a bottle of the celebrated Headache Annihilator, for the formula of which I have refused an offer of $100,000 in cash, for the reason, gentlemen, that it's worth a million. A headache simply can't exist in the same neighborhood as this remedy. Is there a man or boy in the sound of my voice who does not suffer at times from that most distressing of maladies, a distressing headache? If such there be, gentlemen, as the poet says, go, mark him well, because it isn't hard to tell why he is free from aches and pains—he simply hasn't any brains. In order that a man may have a headache, it is absolutely necessary that there should be something inside his head to ache. I see by the intelligent countenances about me that I am speaking to persons who are likely to have headaches, and who, in point of fact, do have them. Now, the purpose of this remedy is to remove that ache by acting immediately on the seat of the trouble—the brain. This medicine, gentlemen, flies at once to the brain. It was invented and prepared by a man of brains. It is the product of brains, by brains, and for brains, to the end that people of brains should not perish from the earth, as the great president, who sprang from the people, himself once so happily remarked. Headache Annihilator, my fellow-citizens, is absolutely guaranteed to cure any and every case of headache when taken according to directions. Inside this valise there are six dozen bottles of my unequaled remedy, no more, no less, and, when they are gone, there won't be any more for this community today. I promise you that. Ordinarily, I sell the celebrated Annihilator for $1 a bottle, but, for the purpose of arousing the people of this town to the merits of my remedy, I am going to put the price right down, for this time only, to 15 cents a bottle. When I come here again, you'll pay more than six times as much. Who wants a bottle? Thanks. Who takes another? Thank you, sir. One at a time, gentlemen, one at a time."

Fifteen minutes later he went up town with an empty valise and a pocket bulging with silver coins.

A day or two afterward it was learned that a similar accident, followed by a similarly brisk trade in the celebrated Headache Annihilator, had happened to that enterprising traveler at more than a dozen towns along the river.

The Tongue in Disease.

The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papillae.

The tongue may be furred from local causes or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver.

The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever, and indicates a nervous prostration or depression.

A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a sour stomach.

When the tongue is moist and yellowish brown it shows discorded digestion.

When dry and brown it indicates a low state of the system, possibly typhoid.

When the tongue is dry and red and smooth look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal.

When the papillae on the end of the tongue are raised and very red it is called a strawberry tongue, and that means scarlet fever.

Sharp, pointed, red tongues will hint of brain irritation or inflammation.

A yellow coating on the tongue indicates liver derangement.

When so much can be gained from an examination of the tongue it is important that the youngest child should be taught to put it out, so that it can be visible to the uttermost point in the throat.

A MAN'S STRANGE CRIME.

The Mystery of Angel Pass--A Story of the Fierce Jealousy of Two Men---A Tragic Romance Above the Clouds.

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON.

SYNOPSIS.

[The story begins at Angel Pass, a high defile in the mountains of New Mexico, and in the home of Peter Palmer, to which once a week the mail is brought on horseback from the railroad sixty miles away. Upon the day of the arrival of the mail the men of the region usually gathered at Palmer's to await its coming. On this occasion a snow storm detained the mail carrier and a half dozen of the rough mountaineers remained over night. Peter Palmer had a daughter, with whom half the men of the locality were in love, among them Caleb Green and Henry Powers, the latter being possessed of mysterious and peculiar gifts, on account of which he was called the Prophet. These two men were regarded favorably by Samantha, the comely girl, and each was jealous of the other. The two men quarrel and Caleb attempts to kill the Prophet with a knife. Palmer, the father, takes the knife from Caleb and kicks him. An hour later Caleb proposes to Samantha and is refused. Caleb in his anguish leaves Angel Pass that night. At dawn it is found that Peter Palmer has been murdered, and that Caleb's knife is still sticking in his breast. On his way to the railroad Caleb has met the mail carrier, who was camping in the storm. Caleb takes the man's horse and rides out of sight, hurrying from the region.]

CHAPTER IV.

It was the truth; the old man was dead, and the awful chill was already creeping into his stiffening limbs. He had died without a struggle in the midst of his sleep, for his eyes were still closed and one arm lay under his head, as he had placed it himself. Death would not have been suspected but that a hunting-wnife had been stabbed into his breast and still stood, with a ring of dark blood dyeing the the coarse shirt around it. He had never awakened, for the knife had been struck sure and straight to the heart.

"Whose knife is it?" the Prophet asked, suddenly, dropping upon his knees beside the dead man. He drew the blade carefully from the wound and held it up that the increasing light from the window might shine upon it, and a murmur of kindling anger came from the men. The knife was Caleb Green's, the one which the old man had taken from him the night before. When they looked for Caleb he was gone, and his horse was gone, too, from his stall in the stable, and they found his trail in the road, with the footprints of the horse almost obliterated by the drifting snow.

They were dazed and almost stupefied. Living as they did amongst the rough surroundings of the frontier, they had long grown accustomed to facing every phase of life and death; yet it is always enough to shake the nerves of the most callous to awaken and find a murdered man lying within arm's reach. It was only the Prophet who retained his presence of mind, and who gave quick, sharp instructions regarding the care of the dead man. It was he who first counseled the pursuit of the escaped Caleb, and it was he who first thought of Samantha.

He stepped back into the kitchen and heard her already astir in the little room adjoining, which was hers. She was the only woman in the house, and he faltered when he thought that it must fall to him to tell her of her loss; but the next instant he felt a thrill of wild joy as for the first time the thought came to him that now his hated enemy would trouble him no more. It was an unrecognized prayer of thanksgiving which possessed him when he realized that the father's death might make the girl his.

"Samanthy!" he called, in a subdued voice.

"Yes; I'm a comin' in a minute," she answered, and directly she appeared. The sight of the unaccustomed figure in the kitchen seemed to apprise her of some unwelcome happening, or perhaps she had heard the unusual commotion, for her first question was:

"Where's Dad?"

"Samanthy!" the Prophet said, stepping toward her across the wide room. He stopped before he reached her, and stood with hands outstretched toward her, speaking with a plain directness, which does not, after all, wound so painfully as the more approved fashion of toying with the knife which is to give a stab. "Samanthy, your father's dead."

She stood looking at him, half understandingly for a moment, while the blunt speech seemed to penetrate slowly into her mind.

"Dead!" she repeated, in listless, lifeless tones; "he was all right last night. What's killed him?"

"We found his knife—Caleb's," he answered, with an exultant feeling which it seemed to him must show itself in his voice, and with a rude effort to comfort her he stepped close to her and put both his hands on her shoulders. His touch seemed to restore her wandering wits, for with a low cry, "Daddy! Daddy!" she pushed past him and into the front room, where, without heeding the sympathetic faces of the men, she sank upon her knees beside her dead father and bent close over the pallid face. There was no dramatic demonstration of fine grief, such as should grace a story. She repeated again and again, "Daddy! Daddy!" as she stroked the tangled gray hair back from his face, before she looked up searchingly into the pitying faces above her and asked again, "Who killed him?"

The Prophet held the murderous knife toward her. "It's Caleb's," he said, simply. "It's Caleb's, and he's gone." Then she threw herself across the dead man, sobbing passionately and moaning with her face hidden uon her arm.

"Why don't you find him?" she demanded, suddenly, springing to her feet and facing them. "What makes you stand there starin', while he'e a-runnin' loose?"

"The hosses is bein' saddled," the Prophet said, glad that she approved of his course. "We'll be on the trail in five minutes."

He stood doubtfully for a moment before taking her gently by the arm.

"Come," he said, "some of us must take care of your father. You mustn't stay here," and she submitted to being led back to her room.

They were hot and eager for the pursuit, and in a few minutes the horses were saddled and waiting in the yard, fretting and pawing impatiently as though they understood the importance of locing no time. One of the men was dispatched by the Prophet to the house of the nearest neighbor, ten miles away, to bring a woman for the comfort of Samantha; two of the older men remained at the Pass to care for the body of the dead man; the others, after a noisy adjustment of pistol-belts and spurs, mounted in the door-yard and prepared for the pursuit with as much eagernes and zest as though they were in chase of a bear or deer.

The Prophet took the lead; it was strange that none questioned his right, but they followed every direction of his without a word.

"They hain't much snow here," he said, "but I reckon we'll find it heavy enough down the trail. Mebbe he can't get through and we'll find him blockaded."

"The body ain't more'n four hours dead," one of the old men said. "I don't reckon he can have got more'n ten or fifteen mile away; mebbe not so far, if the snow's heavy down below."

"All ready?" the Prophet asked, sharply. "No; hold on," he said, and, dismounting, he brought from the stable a long halter of heavy rope, which he threw over the horn of his saddle. "If we find him, we'll need it," he said. "We don't want to bring him clear back here."

When Steve, the carrier, realized the trick that Caleb had played him in the theft of his horse, his anger knew no bounds, but its demonstration was only short-lived. There is little effect to be observed when a man is angry standing nearly knee deep in snow upon a desolate waste of mountain side, with the object of his anger mounted uon a good horse, disappearing in the distance. Steve soon acknowledged this to himself, and picking up his mail-pouch he threw it over his shoulder, adjusting the weight as comfortably as he could.

"I reckon I ought to be thankful he left the pouch," he said aloud, after the fashion of those who are much alone. "He might have forgot to throw it off. But I'd give a pint of whisky to know what he's doin' down here. There must be somethin' wrong. I wisht I'd a left him back to the camp by the fire. It's goin' to make me hump to carry this pouch on my back an' get to the Pass by dark," and indeed it was no light matter to attempt a walk of fifteen or twenty miles through a foot of snow, with the thermometer down to zero and with a heavy burden on his back.

For hour after hour he struggled forward, adding one slow mile to another. The wind was abating slightly in force, and that was his salvation. Noon found him only five miles advanced toward the Pass, and so stiff and sore from the great effort of wading through the snow that it was with difficulty he forced one foot before the other.

The ungrateful Caleb had absconded with his small ax and with his scanty supply of food, and with his few matches tied together and strapped to the back of the saddle. He must move forward, in spite of his hunger and weariness, for to stop was perilous.

He paused, shading his snow-dazzled eyes with his hand to measure the distance he had yet to travel. Far up the trail, scarcely perceptible, a small cloud of snow was rising, blowing off to the southward.

"Just the wind, I reckon," Steve muttered. "Don't look like it, either," he continued, watching it steadily. "Don't move fast enough. It's hosses, sure's thunder!"

The cloud of snow drew steadily nearer, and soon the forms of the horsemen were distinguishable.

"Seven," Steve counted, "an' the Prophet a-leadin'." A sudden suspicion flashed through his mind. "They're after Caleb! I knowed somethin' was up. Darn him. I hope they'll get him. But I wonder what he's been doin'," and he stood, forgetful of the biting cold, until they came slowly up to him with noisy, curious greetings.

"What you doin' afoot?" the Prophet asked. "Where's your hoss?" And Steve told them the story of his meeting with Caleb and the loss of his pony.

"He was so bad hurt," he said, "I don't reckon he could hold on more'n a mile or two by hisself."

"Get up behind on my pony," the Prophet said, "an' come on with us. We can't leave you here, an' none of us can't stop," and he was glad enough to do as he was invited.

It was as he prophesied. Two hours more brought them to the scene of the last night's camp, and a mile further on they found Caleb, where his horse had thrown him, helpless as he was, from its back. He had dragged himself back from the trail and sat with his back resting against a great bowlder, to protect himself from the cold, which would soon have completed the work of death if they had not found him.

He was like a wild beast entrapped, and as soon as they came within range he began using his pistol as well as he could, but the cold had so benumbed him that his arm was unsteady and his shots flew wild. Before his stiffened fingers could reload the emptied chamber, they had him prisoner.

Why dwell upon the horrors of such a scene? In but a moment more he was standing, supported by two of the men, with his arms and feet pinioned and an end of the Prophet's rope-halter about his neck.

"Now," the Prophet said, shortly, "'tain't worth hearin', I don't reckon, but if you've got anything to say, say it quick."

All the savagery of a wholly savage nature showed in Caleb's face, as for an instant he stood staring at his enemy. Then he turned to face the others.

"I've got nothin' to say to that abortion of a man," he said, with a quick movement of his head toward the Prophet; "but I 'low mebbe I can say somethin' to you fellers. All I've got to say is, I never done it; afore God, I never done it."

"Lord!" Steve exclaimed; "what was ye makin' off in that kind o' style for, if ye never done it? What did ye turn hoss-thief for, if ye never done it? What made ye afeard to go back to the Pass?" and these questions seemed to speak the thoughts of the men.

"I waked up," Caleb said, with a hopeless look from one to another, "an' I saw Saint Peter was dead, with my knife a-stickin' in him. I knowed ye would suspicion me, an' I knowed they was none of you friends to me. I 'lowed I'd better light out an' get to where I had friends what would give me a fair shake. Afore God Almighty, I never killed him."

But the tide of feeling was too strong to be turned by the words of the unhappy man, who stood self-condemned in their eyes. They didn't believe him.

* * * * * * * * *

"Let him hang," the Prophet said. "We'll have to ride hard to get back to the Pass afore night, an' we'll come down tomorrow an' bury him."

CHAPTER V.

A week was gone. Our measures of time are meaningless to the grief-stricken; a day or a week seems the same. It was only the fact of its being the regular weekly mail-day that brought the consciousness to Samantha that a week had actually passed since her father's death.

The neighbor woman had remained with her at the Pass, for the girl had refused to leave her home.

"Seems like I can't bear to go away," she said. "Seems like Daddy was here yet, an' like I oughter stay an' look after him, same as I've always done. He wouldn't like me to go away," and they did not urge her, but waited until her sharp sorrow should have spent itself before they talked to her of plans for the future.

After the simple burial, the Prophet, with a delicate consideration not taught by rules, had not troubled the girl with his presence. He had staid away, though his thoughts were busy and his hopes were high, and he counted the slow hours before another mail-day should come to justify him in a visit to the Pass. He made an effort to do some special honor to the occasion, and changed his customary red shirt for one of white flannel and his worn old hat for one elaborately beaded, brought from Mexico; but when he had finished his toilet by smoothing the legs of his coarse trousers carefully down over his boots, his new vanity suddenly deserted him, and he returned to his old clothes.

"She won't want to see me lookin' as if I'd just been rounded up an' branded," he said. "Mebbe she won't want to see me nohow. Yes, she will though; she's got to. Whoa there!" This last to his pony, whose hind feet were demonstrating his resentment of the tight girth which the Prophet had drawn in his too energetic frame of mind.

He did not turn now from the thought that Samantha must be his, simply for the asking, and it was an intoxication to him. It gave him an erect, firm carriage in his saddle; it gave him a sense of proprietorship in the wild landscape of mountain and forest through which he passed, and even in the great blue arch of the sky and in the cold air; it even brought a measure or two of a song to his unaccustomed lips, causing the pony to put back his ears dubiously.

"Listen!" Samantha's companion said, as they were preparing their simple dinner. "Sounds like someone in the yard," and she went to the window, peering curiously out. "'Tis someone," she announced. "It's Henry Powers," and she gave a furtive look at Samantha, to see the effect the news would have.

The young man himself would hardly have known whether to be pleased or not, at the swift flush and the look of genuine embarrassment which came into the girl's face as she saw him dismounting and making himself at home in the stable-yard, after the frontier fashion, and his doubt would hardly have been lessened at seeing her speedily disappear into the kitchen, leaving her companion to play the part of hostess.

The Prophet's perfect confidence of the morning had not deserted him, and it showed itself in his tone when, after a brief word of greeting, he asked:

"Where's Samantha?"

"She's around somewheres," the woman said, guardedly. "You want to see her partic'lar?"

"Yes, I do," he answered, simply, and, with curiosity whetted to a keen edge, the good woman vanished into the kitchen, nervously wiping her hands upon her apron.

There was a brief, whispered confidence in the kitchen, painfully audible to the waiting lover, and the girl came in, pale and timid, seeming but the shadow of her old self. There was no attempt at a mourning garb. With some women it would have seemed necessary; with her it would have been almost a profanation, for her sorrow showed in every line of the fair face and in every look and word; that was enough.

Her lover was determined to waste no words and lose no time in making himself understood. He would not have hesitated even had he known that the neighbor woman was listening, with her ear close to the thin partition, and with as keen an interest as she could have taken in her own fate.

"Samanthy," he said, confronting her with uncovered head, "the time's come for us to know where we be. There's been enough waitin' an' wonderin' to suit me. I just want to know if you love me—like I love you?"

The girl's eyes were regarding him intently while he soke, and they remained fixed upon him earnestly as she struggled to answer. She stood with her hands simply clasped before her as she said, at last, in low, slow tones:

"Seems like I don't know just what ye mean, like I can't think about nothin' nor nobody but daddy, like I can't never love nothin' or nobody but just him, never. 'Tain't no good for ye to talk to me like that."

"Don't talk that way," he said, pleadingly; "I can't stand it to hear ye talk that way. I know how ye feel, Samanthy; I know jest how ye feel. Ye must be powerful lonesome here, with only her. I know all about that. But I hain't goin' to hurry ye none; I can wait until ye get ready to love me. I just wanted to tell ye I loved you; I come early a purpose to tell ye. Honest, Samanthy, I do," and a glow of honest color mounted to the pallid cheeks.

Still she stood looking at him with her clear eyes, and then suddenly a flood of tears came and she threw herself down upon a rough bench beside the fire-place, buried her face in her hands and cried like a child.

He did not attempt to quiet her; he only laid one hand upon her bent head for an instant and stroked her hair gently, and then let her cry her burst of grief out.

"Please, Samanthy," he said, when she was quieter, and sat wiping her tears away with a corner of her apron, "please, Samanthy, can't ye tell me?"

"Not now," she said, with quivering lips. "Mebbe some time; not now."

There was no burst of lover's joy.

"Thank ye, Samanthy," he said, simply, and then he went out into the cool air and left her alone.

* * * * * * * * *

April had come, and the Prophet's wooing had so far advanced that some of the kind-hearted neighbor women were gathered at the Pass, decorating the walls of the great front room with feathery branches of spruce and cedar, interspersed with a few lonely-looking sprays of flowers which the Prophet had brought, devotedly, from the little town in the valley below. The girl stood by, giving nervous little words of direction or suggestion, and falling, now and then, into abstraction, with her eyes wandering, without appearing to see, over the familiar scenes about her, down the path worn over the rough ground to the stable, our out at the dark mass of the evergreen forest upon the mountain. Then she would arouse herself as she saw the other women whispering together, blushing with the shy delight a maiden feels in the preparations for her wedding day.

"Seems like Henry keeps himself mighty scarce," one of the women said. "The day before I was married you couldn't have kept my man away with a club."

Samantha said nothing, for with keen yet apparently heedless eyes, such as a girl has when she watches for her lover, she had seen the figure of a solitary horseman approaching, a mere moving speck, far up the Pass, and she busied herself in selecting the clearest pieces of green stuff for the women.

The Prophet came in and took his place amongst them, naturally, helping with the work of decoration. It was only an unwonted flush of color in his usually pale face which would have suggested him as the girl's lover. They were not left alone, after the fashion of the east; they joined simply with the others in talking of ordinary things. His only demonstration of a lover's affection was given when he paused beside the girl, as she arranged some of his flowers in a coarse earthen dish, and laying his hand upon her arm asked, banteringly:

"Ye ain't gettin' nervous, Samanthy?" And she answered, smiling up at him:

"I ain't so nervous as you be, right now, Henry Powers."

Soon he left them. "I must be a-goin'," he said; "I've got to get home early, an' fix up my place a little before mornin'." He stood looking in a pleased way at the rude decorations before he turned to Samantha. "They hain't nothin' more I can do for ye?" he asked, soberly.

"Ye talk like it was another funeral, instead of a weddin'," she answered, with a half-sad smile, and then, as she stood in the doorway with him and bade him good-by, she said: "I wish Daddy was here. He always liked you, Henry, an' I'd like to have him at the weddin'."

"I reckon he knows," he answered. "Mebbe he will be here in sperrit. Good-by, Samanthy; I'll be up early in the mornin'."

He left her without further word or sign of parting; she expected no more.

Her wedding morning was bright, still and beautiful—beautiful as only a New Mexican morning can be; every breath of the clear air filled with life, and even at that far height balmy and buoyant. She was astir long before the sunrise, hurriedly dressed, and sitting upon the low step in front of the house, looking upon the old familiar scenes. The rich, gathering light of the dawn, the sound of the wind in the pines, and the barren rocks of the Pass—all seemed possessed of a new beauty; even the harsh, metallic cry of a hungry raven, flying far overhead, seemed almost a song instead of a croak, for she was very happy. For a long time she sat thus, until the first beams of the sun began to touch and gild the highest points of rock above her and creep slowly down. Then she heard the other women stirring in the house, and reluctantly she arose and went in to busy herself with preparations for the early wedding.

Soon the guests began to arrive from all directions, for a wedding was a rare amusement for them, and in this one they felt a peculiar interest and property from the tragedy which had led to it and from their kindly affection for Samantha. They looked and felt stiff and awkward in the unaccustomed clothes they had chosen in honor of the day; there was even a straight white collar showing here and there. The Prophet had not been daunted this time, but appeared in all the greatest glory of dress which his wardrobe permitted, and in a wild flight of fancy he had tied gayly colored ribbons in the mane and tail of his pony, and of the one which he had brought for Samantha's use as they rode back to their new home.

A white-haired old man, dressed in a worn suit of rusty black, came in from the room at the back, and the others grew expectantly still. A young man, who had arrived late, stopped in the doorway, where he stood gently tapping his riding-whip against the leg of his boot. Then the resplendent Prophet appeared in the low inner door with Samantha, leaning upon his awkward arm. She was as simple and as natural as one of the familiar forest trees in her plain dress of white, with a few of the Prophet's flowers in her hair, looking themselves faded and worn in contrast to her own rich warm color. A faint half smile came into her face as she raised her eyes and recognized the youth standing in the doorway, for he had been the first of her many lovers. Why should a maiden smile, with a little triumphant air, when she sees her rejected lovers at her wedding?

"Friends," began the low voice of the old man, and Samantha's color came and went, fitfully, as the service progressed.

"And now, if any man knows just cause why this man and this woman should not be joined together, let him speak, or forever hold his peace."

The man at the door started nervously and choked.

"Wait!" he cried, in a strained voice, and he raised his whip. "Wait! I do! That man's a murderer! He killed old Saint Peter, hisself!"

Had the Angel Gabriel looked in upon them with a warning note from his trumpet, he could not have chilled them more. Every face was turned, startled, toward this bold challenger, and two or three of the men arose to their feet, expectant of an emergency. The Prophet dropped the girl's hand and stood erect, colorless and motionless.

The old minister first found a word.

"Friend," he began, in his low voice, propitiatingly.

"He done it, I tell ye!" the young man cried, fiercely. "I seen him with my own eyes. Aain't that enough? He killed him, I tell ye!"

"Liar!" A blaze of wrathful fire flamed in to the Prophet's sunken eyes, though his face was livid. "Liar! Liar! You're a liar come straight from hell;" and he took a step forward, reaching for the accustomed pistol at his belt. He had forgotten that it was not there.

They intercepted him and held him fast, before he could lay hands upon his accuser, who had drawn his knife.

"None o' that!" one of the older men said, striking it from his hand; "I guess we can see fair play here without no knife. Now say what ye got to say."

"He done it, I tell ye," the young man said again, passionately; "I seen him. I waked up that night, an' he was a-sittin' up over by the fireplace, a-muttering to hisself, just like he did before about seein' blood. I 'lowed he had another one of his spells, an' I was skeered an' kept still, a-watchin' him, an' in a minute he reached over to where old Saint Peter was a-lyin' an' took Caleb Green's knife out of his belt, an' stuck it straight in him. I seen him. He kept on a-mutterin', an' I knowed he had a spell, an' then all at once he stretched hisself stiff, an' I covered up in my blanket."

They were half-credulous and turned from the youth to the Prophet, who stood with wide staring eyes.

Nature was kind to the poor girl, and she fainted. The men withdrew to the dooryard while the women cared for her, and the Prophet bent over her, rubbing the cold hands.

"I tell ye, it's so!" the young man cried, excitedly. "Afore God, it's so. I seen it, jest like I tell ye."

"What made ye keep your mouth shet so long?" one of the old men questioned. "What made ye keep still about it an' let 'em hang the wrong man? Is that the kind of stuff ye want us to take stock in?"

There was a chorus of assent to this. The young man hung his head, abashed.

"It was for her," he said, doggedly. "I knowed they'd suspicion Caleb, after what'd happened, an' bein' it was his knife the'd find; I 'lowed they would, an' I reckoned if he was out o' the way, mebbe I might stand a chance for her myself. I warn't afeard o' the Prophet. I never 'lowed she looked to him that way, like she has. So I jest shet up. Ye've hanged the wrong man; it was the Prophet what killed him."

Looks and brief words began to be exchanged. The Prophet's isolation from the others was painfully apparent. They have rude ideas of justice in the far southwest. They had hanged an innocent man for the murder, while the real murderer was close at hand. Why should they not correct their error? It needed only a word to kindle the spilt to activity.

"It was him that was so fresh in stringin' Caleb up," a voice suggested. "Takin' the lead in everything. Mebbe that spell of his'n was a fake; mebbe he did it a purpose to get Caleb out o' the way."

There was a murmur of angry feeling amongst them, and they gathered close upon the Prophet at once, but they saw him kneeling upon the floor beside the unconscious girl and they drew back.

"Not now," one of them said. "There's plenty of time yet."

The white-haired old minister came out and joined them with a distressed, sympathetic face.

"Don't do nothing rash," he said, as though apprehensive of the direction of their thoughts. "He's needed right where he is now. Poor girl; it is likely to go hard with her. They can't restore her, somehow."

Their faces relaxed to an expression of sincere sympathy for Samantha.

"They hain't likely to be no weddin' today, hey, Parson?" one of them asked, with a feeble attempt at levity.

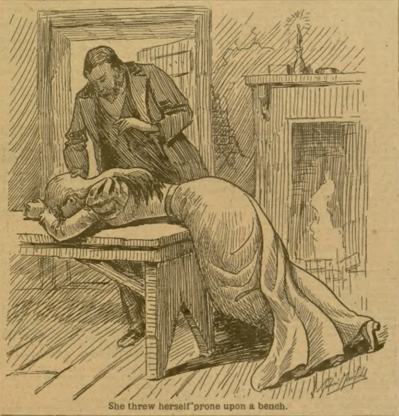
"No," the old man said; "nor tomorrow, nor next day, either. You're in luck, to my way of thinking, if you ever attend her wedding."

Several of the younger men who had come by themselves rode off together quietly, and those whose wives were waiting upon Samantha disposed themselves about the yard, discussing neighborhood affairs with a pretension to stolid indifference, but every now and then drifting to the door to ask concerning the girl.

It was always the same. "She hain't come to yet. We've put her to bed, an' she's jest like a corpse."

The sun was hanging low over the peaks above the Pass, and the long eastern slope of the range was growing shadowy and indistinct with the first fall of the evening twilight, when one of the women came to the door and beckoned to her husband, who stood with his back against a post near by whittling.

"Ye better start for the doctor, down to Magdalena, quick," she said; "she's roused up, but she's talkin' wild; she's clear flighty an' crazy-like; I'm powerful afeard she's goin' to be real sick," and the last red rays of the departing sun shone upon the figure of a solitary horseman starting upon his sixty-mile errand of mercy.



She threw herself prone upon a bench.

Two weeks were gone, and the first indications of May were hovering in the clear air. Samantha had never rallied, but despite their tender care had drifted farther and farther away from them, and now each hour she seemed nearly ready to exchange the mystery of life for the greater mystery of death.

The kind watchers had not faltered in their labor of love, and the Prophet had not for a moment left his post in the little house in the Pass, as he waited with a sinking heart for the end.

Today the poor fellow sat upon the low bench outside the door, despairing. The doctor's high-spirited little horse was hitched to a post near by, fretting and pawing impatiently. The Prophet untied and led him away to the side of the house, where his fretting and impatience would not grate upon him. The desolate surroundings of the little home in the Pass seemed drearier and farther removed than ever from all that makes life beautiful. It was only barrenness that the Prophet saw in the great masses of rock where Samantha had seen beauty on the morning of what was to be her wedding day. The sound of the wind through the pines below was not beautiful; it was dirge-like. There was no music to his ears in the note of a raven resting upon the grotesquely contorted branch of a dead pine near the trail; he heard only a croak, pregnant with dismal prophecy. Even the light of the sun, brilliant in that clear air, seemed darkened by the black wings of the hovering phantasm of death. He sank upon his knees beside the little bench.

"Lord God Almighty!" he prayed; "let her live, or take me along of her. I hain't fit to live, an' I hain't fit to die unless it's with her. If I died alone without her, I'd go straight to hell; I know it."

In the unwonted tenacity of faith which comes to so many of us when we struggle to keep our souls clear of despair, he repeated over and over: "Lord God, let her live! Lord God, let her live!"

The doctor's step upon the floor of the room and his parting words of instruction to one of the women aroused him, and he arose, his lips still moving with the words of his prayer. The doctor stood looking at him with a friendly smile as he pulled on his heavy riding gloves, but the smile seemed unmeaning; it seemed merely professional.

"Well," he asked, "is there hope—any hope?"

"While there's life, there's always some hope," the doctor said, glibly. He was a young man with a warm heart, but they soon learn to mask feeling under a guise of mere professionalism. "Yes," he said, "I don't know but there is a little hope; she's always had good health, and she has a good constitution to draw on; that's in her favor. Tonight'll tell. She'll die or mend before morning. Where's my horse?"

"I tied him around the house," the Prophet answered. "But say," he asked, laying a detaining hand upon the young physician's arm, "can't ye—can't ye do nothin'?"

"My dear fellow," the doctor said, a trifle nettled, "I have done everything the science of medicine can do. The women inside know all about the medicines to be given, though there ain't many today. All we can do is wait. I'm going down to Parker's, on the west slope; I'll stop tomorrow on the way back."

The nervous little horse struck into a trot, under the well-known touch upon his rein.

"All we can do is to wait." How it rang in his ears, until the raven on the dead branch seemed to croak it at him, "All we can do is to wait."

All eternity seemed embodied in that one slow day, as he sat with his head buried in his hands, waiting for the night, and yet hoping that it would never come. One of the women came to call him to the simple dinner, but he could not go in, and the gathering darkness found him immovable.

The aggressive little clock struck eleven. A wolf was howling hungrily down the mountain, and a lonely owl hooted a derisive response from his haunt up the Pass. "Lord God Almighty, let her live!" he prayed. The door opened stealthily and one of the women came out.

"She's askin' for ye," she said, and he followed, staggering, into the sickroom. The girl's wide eyes were turned toward the door, and her lips formed a faint smile as he entered and crept to the bedside and stood looking at her wan face. She lifted her thin hand to him, and he took it in both his own, kneeling beside the bed and press the fingers to his lips. Then, wearily, happily, she dropped asleep.

Another week had gone.

* * * * * * * * *

"Samantha," he said to her, as he sat beside her, holding her hand between his great palms. "Mebbe what they said was—was true. I dunno. But I do know they hain't no blood on my soul, an' I do know that I love ye. Do ye love me jest the same?"

A happy smile answered him.

About Catarrh

Why It Is Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla

A Constitutional Disease Requires a Constitutional Remedy.

Catarrh in the head is the result of a cold or succession of colds combined with impure blood. It is a dangerous ailment, as it may lead directly to consumption. It consists of inflammation of the mucous membrane in the nasal passages. There is a disagreeable discharge from the nose and pain in the head. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by purifying the blood, soothes and rebuilds the delicate tissues. Thousands of cures by this medicine after all so-called catarrh cures had failed, attest its wonderful power over this disease. If you have any symptoms of catarrh, take Hood's Sarsaparilla and you may confidently expect a permanent cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

MAY TOUCH YOU.

A Way to Drink in the Divine Sensation.

When you read this article think about yourself and not someone else. The journal "Life and Health" says, "Among the more common evil effects which result from the use of tea or coffee are dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, headache (especially sick headache), biliousness, palpitation of the heart, abnormal action of the liver and constipation." Does not common sense appeal to you to leave off the drugs (tea and coffee) and again drink in the Divine sensation of perfect, bounding health?

Hard to quit?

Have Postum Food Coffee served in place of the regular and in 10 days you will find coming back the old feeling of strength and physical peace that makes life worth the living.

This liquid food is made of selected parts of the cereals that go directly to rebuild the broken down nerve centers in brain and all through the human body, making a strong heart and stomach, steady nerves and clear complexion.

Packages at grocers, 15 and 25 cents.

Distinguished Handless Artists.

A Belgian artist, one of Watteau's students—Caesar Ducornet—was handless, having been born without arms, and with only rudimentary legs, and yet he carried off all the prizes at Lille, won golden medals in Paris, and had medals in the Louvre. He used to hold the palette with one foot stump, and use the brush with the other. A slender scaffold was built in front of his easel, and on this he writhed and twisted, climbed and crouched, leaving traces of color wherever he passed, traversing the canvas with the swiftness of a fly upon the wall. Antwerp had an artist who copied the masterpieces of Rubens, and yet had no hands. All his work was done with his toes, and so well did he paint that his pictures fetched a higher price for their artistic merit than those of any other artist in the city. England's handless painter, Mr. Bartram Hiles, at the age of 16 had exhibited his first picture at the Bristol academy, and succeeded in winning the national scholarship of the value of £100 for two years. He both paints and models with his mouth. Herr Adam Stepen of New York, is another armless artist, who guides the brushes with his toe. The young Swiss artist, Aimee Rapin, has no arms, but manipulates her crayon in a wonderful manner with her right foot. A German lady known as the "foot artist" (because armless and painting with her feet), four years ago married a professional singer. The wedding ring was placed on her fourth toe, and she signed the register with her foot.

A Cook Book Free.

"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Power Company, Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you write a postal mentioning the Chicago Ledger. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the very best of its kind. Besides containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining room, etc., a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and homelike, is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any lady sending her address (name, town and state) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

Feeding the Little Ones.

The following rules are given by a famous physician on the food for children from 1 to 7 years old:

Animal food once a day and in small quantities, if the teeth can masticate, is necessary to a rapidly growing child.

Avoid seasoned dishes and salt meats, pastry, uncooked vegetables, unripe fruit, wine and rich cake.

Never tempt the appetite when the child is disinclined to eat.

Insist on thorough mastication; a child who eats fast eats too much.

Vary the food from day to day, but do not have a variety at one meal.

Take care that all the child's food is well cooked.

Give no food between meals; the stomach requires rest like any other organ of the body.

Over-feeding and the use of improper food kills more children than anything else.

Give no laudanum, no paregoric, no tea.

Summer complaint comes chiefly from over-feeding and the use of improper food, but never from teething.

When children vomit and purge give them nothing to eat for four or five hours.

Don't wear thin socks or light-soled shoes in cold or wet weather.

Don't think of physical activity until you have allowed at least fifteen minutes for digestion. Otherwise you soon develop into a chronic dyspeptic.

WHERE WISDOM FAILED.

A Strange Story of Life and Love's Conflicting Currents and the Baffling Mystery of Fate's Decrees.

By ELLEN FRIZELL WYKOFF.

SYNOPSIS.

[Mr. Randolph, an infirm old man living alone with his servants at River Crag, tells Reuel Dunbar, presumably the nepew of his housekeeper, that Mrs. Randolph was untrue to him, and that he cast her out one winter night. He also tells of having secreted a large quantity of gold which he cannot find. He asks Reuel to help him find his child, born after the expulsion of the mother, and the gold. Dorothy and Shirley MacGreggor, the young and beautiful daughters of Mr. Randolph's heid, pay a visit to River Craig.]

CHAPTER VI.

SUBSTITUTES.

Down in the Dobbs cottage the old people were bemoaning their loss.

"Something 'll be happening to make up for it, Sandy. Keep up a good heart," the old woman was saying cheerily.

"I haven't a good heart to keep up, Eppie. That's what's ailin' of me," Sandy replied gloomily.

"Reely, Sandy, an' people would be thinkin' that it's your own son an' heir that you be mournin'," Mrs. Dobbs said, a little more sternly now.

"An' wasn't he worth many a son an' heir, which a poor excuse the most of them are, an' doin' his best was the habit of Jocko? Didn't he keep the pot boilin'?"

"Faintly, Sandy, but faintly," she interrupted.

"Not so faintly as 'twill, lass, an' your ole bones will be missin' the warmin' an' your ole eyes——"

"Hush! This is much talk for you, silent Sandy Dobbs. An' won't you let me draw about us the little comfort that I might scrape up? Alas, poor Jocko! It's grievin, for him I am, Sandy, sorely, sorely. For his bright ways an' the love of him when there's never a chick nor child to cheer my ole uays, except the bonny lass that's no' me own nor like to be."

"She ain't Jocko."

"No more she ain't, nor is she ours, for you know it's more that than the shillin's, Sandy, with the bit laid by for the rainy day. You know, silent man an' sour though you be, that it's your heart an' not your stomach that's like to go empty with nothin' younger to love than an' old body like me."

Sandy was silent and the rain fell faster.

"Whose is she?" he growled after a while.

"Na ones. There's the laddie, sech a laddie as ours would a been had the Lord seen fit to a give us one at all."

"The cottage is a wee place," he grumbled.

"An' there's many a smaller, an' many an empty corner in this."

It was not the first time they had talked like this, for Eppie's old heart was hungry, and Sandy was "close." He glanced out at the storm-beaten snow ball bush under which Jocko was buried and went silently to bed. But Eppie sat long beside the hearth that night.

It was early when Dell, fresh as the rain-washed morning, clambered down from her nest and went singing along the river to the Dobbs cottage.

"Then I'm early enough to find you," she said smiling up into the grim old face of Mr. Dobbs as he rested for a moment on the handle of his ax.

"Where should I be goin' without Jocko?"

"Now that's exactly why I came. We did pretty well yesterday; with Davy we shall do better still."

The ax fell from the old man's hands.

"Davy?"

"Why, yes. You see he plays the guitar, and we shall be a real troupe. A traveling company, don't you see? I am very glad we have thought of it. Don't you think the two of us will make up for one monkey?"

She smiled, utterly ignoring the old man's scowling face. She intended to succeed in this and meant to see no obstacle.

"Shucks, lass, go in to Eppie; it's foolish you are," he said, beginning to chop wood furiously.

Dell went in, and after a while Mr. Dobbs came with an armful of wood.

Dell was chatting gayly, but never said a word about the plan that lay so near her heart. She was a wise little woman.

"What can you sing?" Mr. Doobs asked presently.

"And a strange question you ask, Sandy, man. What can she sing? An' not a bird with sech a voice that would melt a heart as hard as yours," Mrs. Dobbs snapped sharply.

Dell laughed. "Oh, lots of things beside those I sang yesterday," she said.

"What does the lad think of it?" Sandy asked.

"Davy? He always thinks what I do, of course. We are tired of papers and are going away anyhow——"

"Away? You are goin' away? Sandy, man, do you hear the lass?"

"She's only with me, in Jocko's place, she an' the lad."

The old woman dropped into a chair.

"No good's to come cr this, Sandy. Leave the little one wi' me an' take the lad, if you will, but leave her. Her heels be light as thistle down and her face fair to see. No good can come if it's trying to sell these you are. Leave her; she's no call to soil herself out in the world. No good will come of it. I know now the bodin' er my dreams. Sandy, leave her wi' me, else the Lord will take her, for she must not be hurt by sin." The old woman stood up and wrung her hands.

"Be quiet, Eppie. I'll bring the wee bit lassie back unhurt," Sandy said gruffly, but he smiled in to the woman's troubled face.

"Don't be uneasy, Mrs. Dobbs. It will be so splendid. Think of the country, the beautiful 'true and true' country!" and Dell clapped her hands in glee.

"An' afterwards?" Mrs. Dobbs fixed her eyes on Sandy's face. "After she's helped you, if the Lord sends her back, then?"

"Empty a corner of the cotaage, lass, an' mayhap they'll help to keep it warm gin winter's upon us," Sandy said.

Getting ready was a small matter for this new and confident "troupe," and no prima donna ever started out with brighter dreams and rosier hopes than did little Dell. Success was a delightful something that lay not far beyond her and was to be had for the asking.

But there were many consultations and much planning and a good deal of indecision about this and that, and even Mrs. Dobbs was drawn into it and felt a new thrill of excitement that caused her to forget her forbodings.

A little money was laid out in what seemed a suitable outfit and with much pride Dell packed her bundle, putting in the small bible first of all.

For awhile they lingered about the city, for in his own mind Sandy reasoned that there might be a few shillings that having resisted Jocko would fall into the hand of Del. So making one excuse and another he kept them there for a while, but at last a day did come when they started for what Dell called the true and true country.

It was on this day that a real adventure delighted the heart of Dell and convinced Davy that the thing was to be what he called a rousing success.

CHAPTER VII.

SOONER OR LATER.

It was after the early supper that obtains in the south, when Reuel had arrived from town, but he forget this and also his travel-stained clothing as he bowed over Shirley MacGreggor's pretty hand with a grace suddenly developed by the occasion. He had expected to feel shy and miserable in the company of these young women, knowing well his ignorance of their kind, but instead of this he felt a thrill of pleasure as the lovely girl smiled at him and spoke in the low, distinct voice that was like music to him. He knew women in books—the old books he used to read, but not women in real life and he began to feel the difference.

They went into the great parlor and Shirley told them about Mrs. Walling's headache, adding with a bright, half-daring glance from under her long lashes:

"If it must come to her, I am so glad that this was the time, Mr. Dunbar. It is pleasanter meeting you like this, with only Dorothy. When you have seen Mrs. Walling you will understand why. She is a sort of Nemisis, there is almost no escaping her. Nothing but this headache ever conquers her. I hail it always with delight." A light, soft laugh rang out, and somehow Reuel chanced to glance at Dorothy. She was smiling, but her eyes were grave.

"Shirley, I'm afraid that Mr. Dunbar will be guessing what a bad time Mrs. Walling has with us," she said.

"With me, you mean, Dolly. The trouble was always with me. They say I make it, not only for myself, but for—other people, so I am warning you at River Craig, Mr. Dunbar." She shot a bright, swift glance at Reuel, but he only saw that it was prettily done, and he could by no means understand the troubled look in Dorothy's eyes as she rose quickly and came over to him.

"Are you too tired to begin the musical treat tonight? And may we see the music room at once?" she asked.

"I had almost forgotten," Shirley added quickly. "I, too, am a devotee, Mr. Dunbar. We worship at the same shrine. Isn't it delightful? We shall be companions in melody," she laughed softly, this time letting her eyes rest on Dorothy's face. "Dorothy knows a great many things, but music is not one of them. I fancy that there was so much of good in her that the fates reserved this for me."

"Reserved it? I had supposed you to be the elder," Reuel said. She laughed.

"In years, yes, but not in mental and spiritual development. My sister has every advantage over me." She raised her brows and threw out her hands with a little depreciating gesture.

The music room exceeded Miss MacGreggor's expectations. She looked about her in bewilderment. "Who would think it? Did he, Mr. Randolph, do this? I cannot imagine him here."

"I think he chose some of the instruments. You will doubtless be able to find entertainment here—you will like it when you come to live in the old house."

It was then that a message came from Mr. Randolph. Would Reuel go to him at once?

The old man was seated among the shawls in the great chair.

"It is some time since you arrived; what kept you?" he asked.

"I met your guests, sir, and——"

"Women. Entangled already. I knew it would be so, but there was no help. It must have come sooner or later. No man ever escapes. You can't hide from them, they'll seek you out and devour you.

"So you were talking to them, and my time growing shorter. After all, Rueul, you are a fool, or I am. I thought, there was a dim hope in me, that you would not yield so readily; that you were really taken up with something else and dead to their enticements.

"Do you know what they think of you, these proud, well-born daughters of Duncan MacGreggor? Do you know how they regard you, you, a servant's——"

"Was there something you wanted me to do?" Rueul interrupted quietly.

"Yes. You will not let this interrupt the work that must be done at once?"

"To some extent it must do so. But I will do all that can be done."

"There will be no time to waste with those women. You see that."

"I understand. I have no desire to waste the time that you require. Believe me, I shall do all I can."

"Perhaps you think so."

"Have you thought of anything else, sir? Has any——"

"I tell you it is all a mystery, a blank. I had the gold and I hid it. I know that it took some time, that I worked—that it was hard to do, and that is all. I had the paper and I remember holding it folded in my hand. I think the gold was hidden then. And after that I can recall nothing more. I was ill, very ill, but no one came or went and I lived, but it is all gone from me like a dream that you know came in your sleep but will not come again.

"I can't help you now, except by driving you on, but if I should die, if the change should come I will not go to my grave until there is hope of rest there for me and it may be that freed from this cursed body my mind can——"

"It would be safer not to depend upon that," Reuel interrupted with a shudder.

"I don't know. I've been trying for many years to pry into the occult, to fathom the unknown, to pierce the veil of the future. It is tantalizing, the past is anguish, the present torture.

"The gold must be within these old walls and the paper—that is most important now, for there is no other proof. I have taken pains to find that out. MacGreggor will demand proof, and if the gold is found and the paper is not he will claim it all.

"It is said that nothing is ever forgotten, that in some dormant cell of the brain every thought lives forever, but I cannot find this. In vain I struggle with myself; it is gone, gone."

"The servants," Reuel began. The old man shook his head.

"What could they know? Was not I hiding it from them?"

"How did they account for your wife's disappearance?" Reuel asked. A sort of dull red flamed for an instant in the ghastly old face.

"How? Have I not told you that he was young and handsome as the devil himself, and she—it was pity and not suspicion that I saw in the faces of my servants. It was that that maddened me. They were not without a most satisfying theory, for they had not been blind. And when she came back—when I found her dead at my door, I watched for the scorn I expected to see on the women's faces, but it was not there. They loved her, I presume. Pleasant delusion."

"In what way had she returned?"

"I have never known. The snow was falling and any tracks were covered out of sight."

"You employed detectives——"

"It was likely that I should slip my neck into a noose and leave the field clear for MacGreggor, wasn't it? No, I worked quietly, as you must do. Don't let anybody know. Be sure to remember that." He closed his eyes wearily.

Reuel looked down into the withered old face. Was it all some wild fancy of a diseases brain? The man was so old, so different from other men. Had he conjured up these frightful stories for the tormenting of his last wretched days?

Even as these thoughts came to Reuel the red brown eyes flashed open and a hideous smile widened the dry lips.

"None of that, Reuel Dunbar, none of that. Don't think to escape me like that. I have fastened myself to you, and living or dead you shall serve me. You feel my grip, you know you cannot throw me off until you have done my will. I am your old man of the sea. It is useless for you to try to escape." He leaned forward and it seemed to Reuel that the horrible eyes burnt into his very soul.

"I will try——"

"That word belongs to fools and cowards. Leave it out if you would prove yourself neither. You shall succeed. Now go. Go back to those idiots. I suppose you will have to smirk and grin for an hour or so, for they are spies and must carry back a good report. My regards to them, by all means, and I am quite well, but in one of my worst moods. There, go. You are a bit of honeycomb and they are bees. They will steal every drop of sweetness out of you and leave you like this. Go and let them begin." He waved a claw like hand.

Reuel left him, but not to return to the music room. He could hear them there and he knew that Shirley was singing, but he went to the housekeeper's room.

"And young ladies in the house? Why, boy, I am astonished," the little woman said, smiling.

"Young ladies are not in my line."

"But these are such pretty ones. It does my heart good to see them in the old place."

"Will Miss MacGreggor be the first mistress of River Craig?" Reuel asked, looking into her face.

"And how can I tell? Her father may bring home a wife."

"And would she be?"

"Reuel, what questions are these? What is the matter with you? You are changed—older, care worn. What is it?"

"Aunt Martha, I want you to tell me the story of the first mistress of River Craig."

Her face whitened, her hands trembled.

"Are you ill, what have I done?" Reuel asked, frightened.

"Nothing. It is an old pain that I must look after soon. I shall have to have advice. You have been listening to old Peter's mumbling, Reuel. Don't again. Some day I shall tell you the story of the poor woman he had in mind, but Peter is old and drunken and he hardly knows what he says. Go to the young ladies now. I like to think of you with them."

Reuel left her, hoping that at some other time she might be able to help him. And old Peter knew!

When he was gone the housekeeper sat long before her dying fire.

"I shall have to try again. For her sake I must keep on. He is asleep now, fast asleep. It is that that keeps him alive. But after midnight he never sleeps. He watches then, watches all night long. I must try tonight."

She got up and opening her door, listened. "They are playing. Ah, she's singing. He will like that. I wonder if it is the little one with the sweet gray eyes. I hope so; he has never known any women before. Yes, I can venture now."

She went softly along unlighted ways, down a long crooked passage and at last through a great, empty chamber. At the end of this she stopped and stood still, running her hands softly over the paneled wall. And then a faint ray of light penetrated the gloom of the chamber. A panel had slid back and she had parted a curtain with her hand.

Like a shadow she crept in and stood at the head of a great canopied bed. A small lamp burned dimly in the room and it showed the barred door and windows opening over the river into the starry sky. She could hear the swish of the water against the wall and the music throbbing and wailing from the room below.

For a moment she stood still, looking down at the yellow sleeping face against the lace trimmed pillow. Even now the thin lips moved and the claw like hands clutched nervously.

With silent haste she began her work. She opened drawers and untied packages of papers, moving with the silent swiftness of an owl from place to place, searching, searching everywhere. "I must find it, I must. He can't have destroyed it. Surely, surely even he could not have done that." She stopped and looked into the old face, bending close to it. The fear in her eyes grew. "He could have done even that," she whispered. "He is so old and so frail and I promised." The clutched hands were thrown out as if some dream had disturbed the sleeper and one of them for an instant touched her own. She sprang back with a low cry as if she had been stung and darted through the open panel, slipping it quickly in place.

The music had ceased when the old housekeeper stole like a ghost down to her room.

CHAPTER VIII.

OLD PETER.

The housekeeper at River Craig had gone to Portsmouth. This had happened so rarely as to be regarded as a very remarkable event. She had gone, too, when visitors were in the house and on the third day after Reuel Dunbar's return from a six years' absence.

The cook and the new maid who had come on account of the visitors, looked at each other in surprise.

"It's the heart of her that's going wrong," the cook explained. "I've been here this twinty year an' it's only now that I'm knowing that she's wake about the heart. Sure, an' it's the doctor she's after goin' to see."

"Yes," the new maid said. "I heard her tell Mr. Dunbar that and he wanted to be fetchin' a doctor here, but she cried out, 'A doctor here, Rueuel, when you know Mr. Randolph would never permit it?' And a queer man he must be, say I, shut up like a bee in a bottle."

"An' why mayn't she go, if her insides be givin' her trouble? She knows who she's lavin' in her place at home," and Mrs. Maloney tossed her head proudly.

"And as for him, I hope he'll stay bottled up all he wants to for I'm sure the sight of him would be the death of me, and there'd be me young man breakin' his heart. Did you ever see him, Mrs. Maloney?"

"Your young man, the spalpeen——"

"No, no. Him, the old man up yonder?"

"Nlver a time, nlver once."

"They do say that he has two faces. One where the back of his head ought to be—a horrid, gibbering face with eyes that never close," the new maid whispered.

Mrs. Maloney glanced fearfully behind her. "Two faces? An' faith haven't the rist of men? One fair to see, an' the other the divil's own?" she laughed nervously.

"Haven't you ever heard it? I was sore afraid to come, but they said I'd never see him, and I'm not like to, if you haven't in twenty years."

"It's twinty, full twinty, an' it's slow that time moves here. It was whin the last cook left, not bein' able to stan' the quare ways."

At this moment Mrs. Hodges was entering the suburbs of the city. The start had been made the day before and the night spent on the way, and now toward the close of the day the decrepit old carriage with its ancient horses and moth-eaten coachman crept inside the city limits.

Stiff and straight, with an anxious look on her comely face, sat the housekeeper, arrayed in her qauint black silk gown and a bonnet hat belonged to a time long ago.

With a melancholy creak the carriage stopped and old Peter sat looking straight before him, unmoved as the Sphinx.

"What is it, Peter?" Mrs. Hodges leaned anxiously forward.

"Wheel's off," old Peter answered, still unmoved.

"One of the wheels off, Peter?" in anguished tones from the inside.

"One's off." Old Peter sat stock still as if he had realized long ago that he was at the mercy of the fates and waited calmly for the next thing to happen.

"Then how are we to go on?"

"We can't go on," still unmoved and still unmoving.

"But we must, Peter. You know we must get to Berkley tonight. I can't walk to the ferry. We must go now." She leaned over and touched his shoulder.

"We can't."

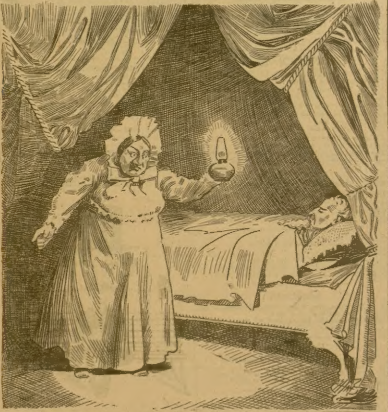
"Wake up, Peter, and get out of the carriage."

Old Peter slowly unfolded his stiff legs and eased himself carefully out of the carriage.

"Now, Peter, go and find somebody to fix the wheel. There is always somebody to do such things." She looked helplessly about her. The street that was scarcely more yet than a country road was very quiet. At the corner a little crowd had gathered about a bent old man who carried a battered hand organ. He was unstrapping it and as Peter shuffled off he began to turn the crank and a wheezy, breathless tune broke the stillness. There was something strangely pathetic about the music. It sounded old and as if it had been folded away for a long time and had rusted and mildewed with age and neglect.

Mrs., Hodges felt lonesome and homesick as she sat listening. Then with a final gasp the organ stopped and another sound came to her. In the crowd she had noticed a boy, a little fellow with a fat, laughing face and a queerly cut coat that somehow made her feel as if she had seen the boy before. He had a guitar in his arms and now he was playing. Presently a sweet, shrill voice joined itself to the new music and she saw that a little girl was singing.

"Poor little thing, poor little girl. What would Reuel say, I wonder? Ah, if they had a chance like his?" The kindly eyes shone behind the big spectacles. Now and then she took the glasses off and wiped them, for though she lived at River Craig her heart had been kept warm and kind.



"As she gazed, the fear in her face grew and grew."

As the old housekeeper watched the children she forgot Peter and the wheel and even her anxiety to reach Berkley tonight, for somehow she had got to thinking of Reuel and those old days when he used to slip into the music room and try to find his way over the keys. She remembered the day when Mr. Randolph first heard the music and how white he was when she found him cowering before his open window listening.

"What is it?" he had gasped in a sort of terror.

"It is Reuel, the boy," she had replied sore afraid of what might happen now and not at all relieved when the boy was sent for to go to Mr. Randolph's room. So many queer things happened there when the old man was trying his uncanny experiments. But after a while she sent him in, trusting the child to the innocent courage that kept him from being afraid.

Again and again he had gone and it had ended at last in the school and college and conservatory.

The song stopped and Mrs. Hodges came back to her present troubles with a start. The people were going away. Some of them stopped to drop money in the hat the boy held shyly toward them. Mrs. Hodges fumbled with the fastening of the small leather bag she carried on her arm.

"Here, come over this way, my boy," she called, and Davy left the crowd to obey her. Dell, seeing the kind old face, followed her brother and they stood looking up smiling at this new friend.

Mr. Dobbs busied himself with the organ.

"Here is something for each of you, and I'm much obliged for the pretty song," and the comely face was bright with the unaccustomed joy of giving.

"Thank you, ma'am. Had you stopped just to listen?" Dell asked delightedly.

"Well, no, my dear, I can't say that I did, though I'm very glad to have heard you. One of the wheels came off and I had to send Peter to get some one to fix it." Her anxiety had come back now. "He is slow, very slow."

"An old man, was he, sort of drawed up and stiffish? Then I saw him——" Davy stopped.

"Where?"

"There. Davy pointed down the street.

Mrs. Hodges leaned out and looked in the direction indicated.

"Not in that—not in a bar room. I forgot, I really did forget. Surely he didn't. It has been so long and he is so old. Now whatever shall I do?"

"Will he—drink?" Dell whispered shrilly.

"He has been known to. Indeed I must say that he is likely to. The scent of it will start him off, he never gets beyond a drop or so at home, because, well, because Mrs. Maloney gets the rest, I dare say. He has been gone quite a while, hasn't he?"

"We might help you get him out," Davy suggested hopefully.

Mrs. Hodges descended carefully from the creaking carriage and stood beside the children, brushing the creases out of her silk skirt. Her eyes were turned toward the bar room that old Peter had not been able to pass. The horses stood weakly on their slim old legs with lowered heads and closed eyes.

"I reckon they won't run away," Mrs. Hodges said, uncertainly.

Dell laughed. "I really don't believe they could," she said.

Mr. Dobbs had seated himself on the curbstone. He was resting and watching the children who were more difficult to manage than Jocko had been.

Mrs. Hodges carefully examined the harness and arranged the contents of the carriage, looking with many misgivings at the horses. Then she went over to Mr. Dobbs and carefully explained the situation to him asking him to watch the horses while she went to look after old Peter. Mr. Dobbs grunted an ungracious consent and they left him.

"I don't know who had better go in," Mrs. Hodges said as they neared the unmistakable sign. Dell walked cautiously in the rear, Davy hopefully in front.

When they were still some distance from the door that had been Peter's stumbling block, a sort of shriveled up shout pierced the air, and a curious object darted into the street before them.

"Is it, can it be Peter?" Mrs. Hodges stopped, clutching tightly the leather bag and staring at the object in front of her. "He did it the last time and barely escaped with his life. He got home at last without hat or coat. Oh, why did I bring him?"

"Do look at him! There he goes. Now, who'd think it of the old fellow?" Davy was looking with lively interest at the retreating form of old Peter, who with another shriveled shriek and a wild flourish of his ancient heels disappeared around a corner.

"Well, did anybody ever. You Peter, P-e-t-e-r!"

From far away came a cracked and wavering echo of Peter's antiquated yell, and the old woman looked helplessly at Dell and Davy.

"He's a lively old fellow, isn't he?" Davy said, admiration in his eye.

"But don't they—the last time he got shut up, or something," Mrs. Hodges panted.

"He will now, if they ever catch him," Davy said gleefully. "There it is again. Doesn't he yell. I shouldn't think it was in him."

"He is so thin and dry, you know," Dell added.

"It always went straight to his head," Mrs. Hodges wailed.

"And his heels," Davy added.

They had gone back to Mr. Dobbs. "Time to move on," he said, gruffly.

"But we'll have to help this poor old lady," Dell insisted and though Mr. Dobbs grumbled audibly, he went off and brought a man to put the wheel on, and then as it was late, and Mrs. Hodges a stranger, Dell said she must go to the cottage with them and when Mrs. Hodges mentioned her intention of paying wherever she stayed Mr. Dobbs piled the organ in the carriage and the children scrambled joyfully in after the old lady.

And that was how it came that Mrs. Dobbs, standing in the door as the night came down, saw the carriage coming with Sandy and Davy on the front seat.

"An' why are they comin' home in sich stayle an' grandure?" she said, stepping forward, where Dell tumbled into her arms and told the whole story in breathless haste.

Mrs. Hodges entered the cottage with Dell's bundle in her arms and after a while she listened to the bright chatter of the child and all the while the small, unopened package with the little clasped bible inside lay on a table within reach of her hand.

(To be continued next week.)

◆

John R. Musick, author of the "Maid of Mona," "His Brother's Crime," "History of the War with Spain," etc., has written for the Ledger a great historic romance of the Virden strike. It will begin in next week's issue. Do not miss reading it.

◆

A Hero but Not an Imposter.

They had surrounded him, had the patriotic women, this hero of the Fighting Thirteenth. He had a most engaging limp. "Was it done by one of those dreadful Mauser bullets?" asked the tall blonde with the eyeglasses. "Will you be crippled for life?" queried the plump brunette. "I suppose he was shot while carrying a wounded comrade off the field," gushed the romantic maiden. The crippled veteran, as modest as he was brave, was visibly embarrassed by these tributes from the fair. As soon as he could control his emotion he remarked, simply, "Ah, g'wan! Tain't nawthin' but a boil on me knee."

◆

DO YOU GET UP
WITH A LAME BACK?

DO YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM OR NEURALGIA?
ARE YOU SLEEPLESS, NERVOUS, IRRITABLE?
KIDNEY TROUBLE MAKES YOU MISERABLE.

SWAMP-ROOT Is the Great Remedy for all Kidney, Bladder and Uric Acid Troubles.—To Prove Its Wonderful Merits, You May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Well people have healthy kidneys.

You are in no danger of being sick if you keep your kidneys well.

They filter your blood, keep it pure and free from disease-breeding germs.

Your other organs may need care, but your kidneys most, because they do most.

If you are sick, begin with your kidneys, because as soon as they are well they will help all the other organs to health.

The treatment of some diseases may be delayed without danger, not so with kidney disease.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is a genuine specific with wonderful healing action on the kidneys.

It will be found by both men and women just what is needed in all cases of kidney and bladder disorders, lame back, dull pain or ache in the back, gravel catarrh of the bladder, rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, uric acid troubles, and Bright's disease, which is the worst form of neglected kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root corrects inability to hold water and promptly overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

The way to be well is to pay attention to your kidneys.

To take Swamp-Root when you are suffering from clogged kidneys.

This prompt, mild and wonderful remedy is easy to get at the drug stores.

To prove its merits you may have a sample bottle, and a book telling more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail.

The great discovery, Swamp-Root is so remarkably successful that our readers are advised to write for a free sample bottle, and to kindly mention the Chicago Ledger when sending their addresses to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Boy's Secret Society—Membership Free.

Any boy can join the C. M. A. free. It is the great original and only secret society for boys under 21 years of age. It has grips, signs, passwords, badges, secret emblems, secret language, funny initiations, etc. The society is chartered by law, and has nothing in it to interfere with your religion or politics. Thousands of members everywhere. You can pick them out when you are a member by certain signs, etc. Send your name and the names of several boys you think would like to join. Enclose stamp. Address THE STAR, 121 Marion Street, Oak Park, Ill.

◆

Two Kinds of a Hug.

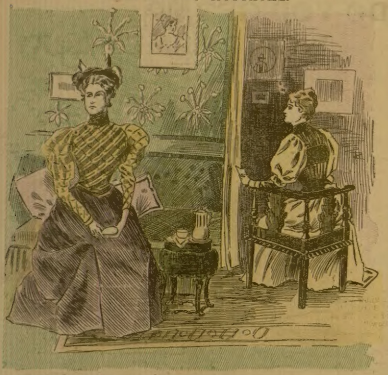
A little boat is seen afloat
  Upon the moonlit water,
In which a youth does sit, forsooth,
  With his neighbor's daughter;
He hugs the shore a mile or more,
  Along the laughing water,
Then lets the boat serenely float
  And hugs his neighbor's daughter.

◆

"Water, Water, Everywhere."

"Any port in a storm!" the old man loud cried,
  As he hurried on, drenched through and through;
And the young man replied as he shivered and sighed:
  "Or a little old bourbon would do!"

THAT DOWNY MUSTACHE.



Miss Winnie—I'll bet you don't know the meaning of "touch-down."
Miss Emma (spitefully)—I'll let you know I've kissed just as many fellows as you have —so there.

THE PRESENT ISSUE.

Well, I see we jest pulled through
Agin—it beats Sam Hill! I knew
That somethin' awful threatened us
An' things was gittin' wuss an' wuss,
With half the country raisin' Ned,
An' more to come, the papers said;
But, dog on! ain't! it curus that
We allus land jest whur we're at?

Now take them Paris 'miss'ners there,
Jest talkin' on an' time to spare;
Sort of debatin' club, I'm told,
Tryin' to do each other, cold,
A-roomerin' this an' tother'n' which,
But somehow never seem to hitch.
Gosh darn! in our ole country store
We've had things fixed a month er more!

That is—we keep the Phillerpines,
No matter if Spain snorts er whines,
An' then them debts of hern can lie
Till she can pay 'em by an' by.
An' there you are! a lot of new
Lands to send saspriller to,
An' hair vigor, lightnin'-rods an' pills,
Ole sewin' machines an' fannin' mills.

Married the Loser.

She—And so your former sweetheart married your rival, did she?

He—Yes. She didn't know which of us she liked best, so we agreed to have a fist fight for her.

She—And you were the loser. Too bad that you should lose the fight and the girl too.

He—Oh, I won the fight all right enough. The other fellow was in the hospital for two weeks, but she married him just the same. I guess she thought it would be a good idea to marry a man she could handle.

Better Than a Waste Basket.

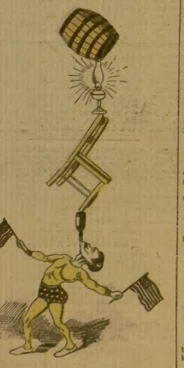
Mildred—What's the "poetic fire" one reads so much about?

Charley—It's generally the fire in the editor's grate, if he can afford to have a grate in his office.

The Way He Did It.

Broughm—I hear Chivvers has taken up art. I'd like to see him paint awfully.

Townley—That's the way he does it.



"STEADY WORK."

A Dead Failure.

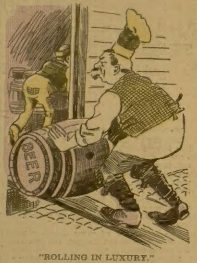
There was a young man in the corps
Who ne'er had been drilling beforps,
And they wanted to guide
His ungainly struide;
But they truide and truide
Till the young man, he duide,
And the captain he sat down and sworps.

W. A. K.

Wanted to Know.

Broncho Bill—That feller the boys have captured has robbed thousands of railroad passengers.

Western Tourist—Indeed! Which road is he president of?



"ROLLING IN LUXURY."

Got His Money's Worth.

A new book by Kipling is said to have cost his publisher a shilling a word. Reading this rumor, a London wag wrote to the author saying that as wisdom seemed to be quoted at retail prices he himself would like one word, for which he begged to enclose a shilling postal order. The reply came in due order. Kipling kept the shilling postal order and politely returned, written on a large sheet of paper, the word "Thanks."

Ran in the Family.

Servant—If you please, ma'am, Master Gay went to bed last night with his boots on.

Mrs. Gay—Well, it cannot be helped; his father does the same thing, so I suppose it is hereditary.

Something in It.

"My litle boy, I'll have to spank you if you don't mind your uncle while your mama is gone."

"If you do, it won't last; I won't stay spanked unless mamma spanks me."

New to Him.

"Who was that fellow that wanted to trade his kingdom for a horse?"

"That's a wheel I never heard of."

"What is?"

"The Kingdom."

Catarrh in the head is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla which eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints that cause it, soothing and rebuilding the delicate and diseased tissues.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills.

Was Really Bright.

Mrs. Youngly Wed—My husband has the brightest head of any young man of his age I know of.

Mrs. Henry Young—You don't say so, and when did he become so awfully bald?

Leakings From a Brain Pan.

A half-column of scandal will sell more papers than a three-column sermon.

We consider our sins less because they are common, and value our enjoyments more because they are exclusive.

Reputation may be a bubble, but it is not best made by a blower.

Life is a lottery; and the man who takes no chances in it can never win anything.

When fingers are used as a drink measure, it is no wonder that so much money slips through them.

It is hard to draw the line between good and evil; but how does the other political party manage to get all the bad men?

Bulk is not always size; a man might be a giant physically, but nevertheless a mental cripple. HARRY J. SMALLEY.

Quibbling Crooks.

Cable-Car Magnate—If people wouldn't lose their heads there would be no fatalities on our road.

Counsel for Plaintiff—Don't you think a person could be killed without having his head cut off?

Long on Repartee.

The hired Help—Say, this here ice you have been leavin' is five or ten pounds short every mornin'.

The Iceman—Sure, it's the burnin' glances of them lovely blue eyes that melts it before I kin git it to the house!

At the Club.

Call Downe—Say, old man, I understand you've been passing my jokes off in after-dinner speeches as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?

Taken N. Usem—Sure thing! Any gentleman will take a joke from a friend!

At the Boarding House.

"I wonder what this turkey's politics were?" said Jones, attempting to be humorous.

"He was on the fence when we got him," said the landlady as she buried an infinitesimal portion under a landslide of dressing.

His Wife's Diversion.

"You look dreadfully battered; how is that?"

"Wife has been pelting me with flowers."

"Why, that wouldn't mark you in that fashion."

"O—they were in the pots."

The Likeness.

Citiman (pompously)—I work with my head, sir, instead of my hands.

Jay Green—Huh! that ain't nuthin'! So does a wood-pecker.

Her New Eyeglasses.

Optician—Those are exactly suited to you, madam.

Customer—So you really think them becoming! Dear me, how I wish I had a mirror!

He Outclassed Her.

"My voice is still for war," she said,
As waiting patient for the morn;
From sidewalk perch he heard, and shed
This speech, "Mine's stiller far than your'n."

Christmas.

It comes, the merry season, when
The maiden on a lark,
Compels the bashfullest of men
To mistletoe the mark.

To Be Filled.

Said Santa Claus on Christmas Eve,
In jolly, good, fat glee;
"To judge by all these stockings here
They've turned the hose on me!"

Youth and Age.

Tommy—I lay awake all last night thinking of the plum pudding.

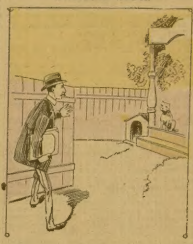
His Uncle—And I'll lie awake all tonight thinking of it.

Yes, Which?

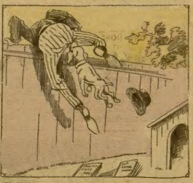
"You should learn to believe only half you hear, my son."

"Which half, papa?"

Wishes and Wishes.



"These must be kind people. I do wish I could leave a few copies of my latest book."



He did.

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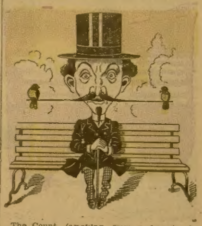
A safe, simple home treatment that cured me after years of suffering with uterine troubles, displacements leucorrhœa, etc., sent free to ladies with full instruction how to use it. Address Mrs. L. Hudnut, South Bend, Ind

The One-Horse Cynic.

"I see," said the Common Commentator, "that those Pillager Indians are highly civilized."

"I should," said the One-Horse Cynic, "infer as much from their title."

A Novel Roost.

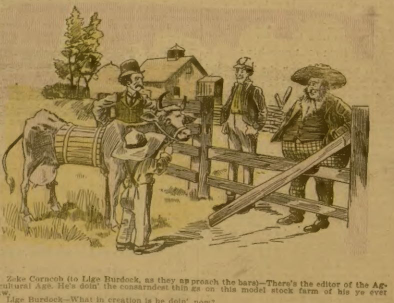


The Count (awaking from a doze in the Park)—Sacre! I vonder vat all ze peoples laugh at?

A Suitable Caption.

Assistant—Here's an account of a shooting affray at Klondike.

Editor—Head it "A Murder in Cold Blood!"



Zeke Corncob (to Lige Burdock, as they approach the bars)—There's the editor of the Agricultural Age. He's doin' the consarndest things on this model stock farm of his ye ever saw.

Lige Burdock—What in creation is he doin' now?

Z. C.—Why, the durned fool's rigged up corsets outen barrel staves, laced up his cows and is tryin' ter make 'em give condensed milk.

THE HERO'S FATE.

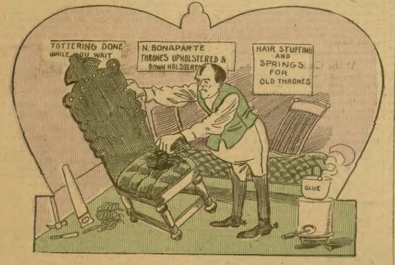
He'd fought through the war
  Like a hero brave;
He'd faced grim death
  On the land and the wave,
    That his country's flag might float.
But he came back home
  And he lost his breath,
  'Most scared to death—
He shivered and shook—
When his wife suggested
'Twas time he invested
For her in a sealskin coat.

◆

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

New Light Thrown on the Throne Upholstering Business —Discovering His Waterloo.

N. Bonaparte, the eminent throne specialist, was born in Corsica, some miles off the railroad, 1769. Although born on an island,


TOTTERING DONE WHILE YOU WAIT
N. BONAPARTE THRONES UPHOLSTERED & DOWN HOLSTERED
HAIR STUFFING AND SPRINGS FOR OLD THRONES
GLUE

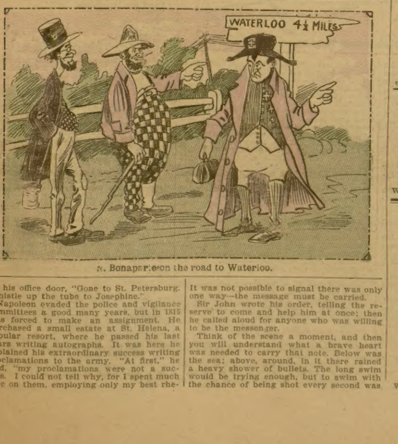
Napoleon ripping up an old throne.

he spread himself over more pages of history than a great many men who had a whole continent to be born on. At an early age Napoleon moved to France and went into business for himself. He rented the Tuileries and hung out his sign:

N. BONAPARTE,
THRONE TOTTERER.
THRONES RESEATED, REVAMPED AND REJUVENATED.
DYNASTIES HAMSTRUNG.
GENERAL REGAL JOBBING.
GIVE US A TRIAL.

He had no superior in that part of the country, and in a few years had cornered the throne market of Europe. People would come to him for miles around to have a throne tottered or a dynasty ripped up the back. When business was good his back yard would be stacked full of second-hand thrones and divine rights waiting to be upholstered. Competitors became alarmed. Kings were afraid to leave their thrones out over night, and many of them slept on them with their scepters under their heads, and had their meals handed up.

Napoleon owed his success in life to the personal attention he gave his own affairs and those of other people. If he had business in St. Petersburg, instead of telegraphing he would go himself, accompanied by a few hundred thousand of his constituents as witnesses, and leave a notice



N. Bonaparte on the road to Waterloo.

on his office door, "Gone to St. Petersburg. Whistle up the tube to Josephine."

Napoleon evaded the police and vigilance committees a good many years, but in 1815 was forced to make an assignment. He purchased a small estate at St. Helena, a popular resort, where he passed his last years writing autographs. It was here he explained his extraordinary success writing proclamations to the army. "At first," he said, "my proclamations were not a success. I could not tell why, for I spent much care on them, employing only my best rhetoric and the longest words. Invariably, however, they came back marked 'unavailable,' and I was in despair. Chancing one day to pick up the Loidies' Homely Journal, my eye lighted on a reply to a correspondent telling him how to be successful in authorship, and I saw in a moment what the trouble was with my proclamations. Instead of using plain, unruled paper 7x10, I had been using 6x11 ruled, and instead of putting my name and address written plainly in the upper right hand corner and the number of words in the upper left hand corner, I had been putting my name in the left hand corner and the number of words in the right. I had also left only an inch margin on the right hand side, when I should have left an inch and a half. All was now clear, and I cursed my folly in not having before written to Mr. Box for information on these points. I immediately sat down and wrote a proclamation, paying no attention to grammar or literary style, but carefully observing the other things, copied it three or four times in a round, full hand with plain black ink, taking care to use a rule to keep the margin just an inch and a half, enclosed return stamps and sent it off. It carried France by storm, and my reputation was established."

Napoleon met his Waterloo at a place by that name in Belgium. He was not aware of the name of the place when he made the appointment to meet his Waterloo there. On the morning of the joust he asked its name and they told him Waterloo. Napoleon turned pale. He was superstitious, but the coincidence staggered him. "Can this be an omen?" he asked. "Can it be that I am to meet my Waterloo here?" It was even so. Nearly his whole army was assassinated.—New York Journal.

◆

ONLY A CABIN BOY.

He Carried an Important Message Safely Through a Shower of Bullets.

A big battle was being fought between the English and Dutch navies. Sir John Narborough was the English admiral, and the masts of his ship had been shot away almost directly when the fighting began. In spite of the greatest care and the most splendid bravery Sir John saw that the English sailors must be beaten unless he could get help. There were a few ships some distance off to the right, but they were to act as a reserve, and would not enter into the battle without a message from him. Sir John stood a moment, and wondered how the message could be sent. It was not possible to signal there was only one way—the message must be carried.

Sir John wrote his order, telling the reserve to come and help him at once; then he called aloud for anyone who was willing to be the messenger.

Think of the scene a moment, and then you will understand what a brave heart was needed to carry that note. Below was the sea; above, around, in it there rained a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim would be trying enough, but to swim with the chance of being shot every second was terrible. Yet many sailors came forward at their admiral's call, ready to risk their lives for their country's good.

They were all grown-up men, and they must have stared in wonder as one of the cabin boys, Cloudesley Shovel, said:

"I can swim, sir; and if I am shot I shall be missed less than anyone else."

After a moment's hesitation the paper was handed to the boy, who put it between his teeth and sprang overboard. How the men watched him as long as he could be seen! He reached the reserve ships in safety, and, as they went into action at once, a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting Cloudesley Shovel stood once more upon the admiral's ship, and received his heartiest thanks.

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own," he said.

The admiral's words came true, for the brave cabin-boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.

◆

Look out for the first installment of John R. Musick's novel, "Bread or Bullets," founded on the bloody strike at Virden, Illinois. It will commence in the Ledger next week.

◆

What's in a Name?

"This flower display at he Phipps conservatory," remarked Mr. Snaggs, "is it a Magee family affair?"

"I don't know what you are driving at," replied Mr. Snaggs.

"I heard someone say it was a Chrisan'-the-ma'am show."

◆

Her Experience.

Dyer—This is Miss Leaf's sixth season.

Duell—And I suppose she still expects to catch a husband?

Dyer—Yes; she says men prefer things well seasoned.

◆

The Exceptions.

Mrs. Barlow (severely)—All men are fools!

Mr. Barlow (sweetly)—You forget, my dear, there are some men that have never married.

◆

"Whenever we have a big snow storm,"
  Says Tommy, "it always makes
Me wish it was powdered sugar, and
  A lot of cocoanut cakes."

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Olga Nethersole announces that hereafter she will give only an expurgated kiss.

If there is no other way in which a woman can be complimented, tell her that she is a great problem.

"Bread or Bullets," a powerful story of the Virden strike, by John R. Musick, commences in next week's Ledger.

If justice is like most women, she drops her scales every few hours to get in them and see how much she weighs.

General Breckinridge says General Miles is the greatest military genius in the army. A suspicion of that sort is gathering headway.

It is surprising, considering the intelligence of the people, but fully nine-tenths of them are not having a good time unless they are eating.

At this season a man has double trouble; dodging the coal man who wants to make a winter contract, and the ice dealer with the summer's bill.

Some people have so little good judgment that their friends are continually surprised that they don't walk on the railroad track and lie across it to take a nap.

When an engagement is announced, the people recall how many times both have been engaged before, and a good deal is said about taking other folks' "leavings."

Look out for the first installment of John R. Musick's novel, "Bread or Bullets," founded on the bloody strike at Virden, Illinois. It will commence in the Ledger next week.

Admiral Dewey is utterly unable to understand the fuss that is made in America over his doings at Manila. No pains will be spared to explain all this to him when he returns.

Governor Pingree, who, for the third time, has just been elected in Michigan, was, during the civil war, a prisoner in the south and spent five months behind the Andersonville stockade.

John R. Musick, author of the "Maid of Mona," "His Brother's Crime," "History of the War with Spain," etc., has written for the Ledger a great historic romance of the Virden strike. It will begin in next week's issue. Do not miss reading it.

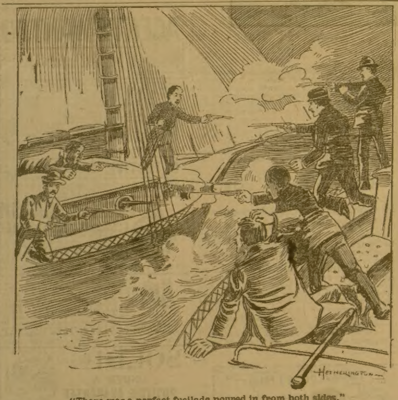
BUCHANNAN DIAMONDS.

An Extraordinary Theft -- Innocence Involved With Guilt--The Unraveling of a Mystery By a Daring Detective.

By M. J. ROY.

SYNOPSIS.

[Fifty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds are stolen from the residence of General Buchannan, and Claude Winters, the lover of Cora Buchannan, is suspected and arrested. The case seems strong against the young man, who is poor, but Cora employs Mark Ellis, the famous detective, to look out for his interests. In his first work on the case Mark rescues a beautiful unknown from the slums, and a mysterious man tries to murder him. Mark is rescued by the police and leads a raid on a house known as Happy Ann's, where the famous Tenderloin gang made its headquarters. Looking through the window, he sees the diamonds in the hands of one of the robbers, and dashes into the room. Mark Ellis is wounded and the Buchannan diamonds are not secured. Mark is nursed back to life by Mabel, and they are married. The police raid the new quarters of the gang. The thieves escape by means of a secret tunnel. Sir Arthur Vanhorn visits Cora and assures her of her lover's innocence. Mysterious efforts are made to secure bail for Claude, and Mark is puzzled. Besides being annoyed at not being taken into the full confidence of the prisoner, he is unhappy because of the mystery surrounding his wife. He is decoyed to a house at night and seized by several men who declare their intention of "putting him out of the way." Mark escapes almost by a miracle, and is warned of the infidelity of his wife. A few days later, he returns home to find a note from Mabel saying that she had deserted him. He falls to the floor unconscious.]



"There was a perfect fusilade poured in from both sides."

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE LAKE.

The servant heard the fall of her master and, running into the room, found him lying on the floor insensible.

She uttered shriek after shriek, which soon brought several persons to her assistance.

Mark was raised and laid on a sofa.

Restoratives were applied and he regained consciousness quickly.

To all inquiries as to the cause of his swoon he explained that he was very much fatigued and nature had given away.

The fatal letter lay on the hearth, and, fortunately, no one had seen it.

He rose quietly, is if about to go away, picked up the missive and, folding it, thrust it into his pocket.

Not alone the shame of being deserted, not alone the disgrace and sneers of the whole city who knew him, clouded his heart, but there was a pang deeper than all—wounded love.

He still loved her, false, fickle and cruel as she was.

Perhaps he might have expected as much. He had taken her from the slums of society. He had married her when she was still a mystery to him.

He had been warned by some unknown correspondent, but heeded not the warning.

As soon as he could he dismissed the anxious neighbors and then paying the servant a month's wages, said:

"Mary, that will answer for you until you are able to find another situation. I will need a housekeeper no longer."

"I hopes, Mistah Ellis, I hab give good satisfaction."

"I have no cause to complain," he answered, sadly.

"Den why ye gwine to turn me away?"

"Because I will keep house no longer. I will sell the furniture and give up the flat."

"But, Mistah Ellis, won't ye give me a character so dat I kin go out an' git a place."

"You want a recommendation? Very well, I will write you one."

He wrote a very excellent recommendation, and, signing it, handed it to her.

"Now can't I guess the missus to sign it?"

"No, Mary, you will never see her again, in all probability."

The servant showed the whites of her eyes and stood aghast.

"What ye mean, boss?"

"She's gone."

"Gone whah?"

"I don't know. But it is probable that we shall never see her again."

He did not explain more fully, but Mary took her money and left the house.

The detective locked up the little flat—that once happy home—and went to his office. It was very late, and the office was deserted.

He turned on the electric light over his desk and sat gazing at the letter he had received from his wife.

"Gone! Betrayed! Deserted!" he groaned. "Can it be true, or am I only in the mazes of some horrible dream? All my bright hopes, all my beautiful air castles gone! But why not be avenged?"

He started up and struck the desk with his fist.

He suddenly thought of the letter of warning, and, taking it down, read it over.

"I can now understand how they expected to strike at my home. They have struck—struck me to the heart, but I will be avenged!"

He went to the telephone and called for the number which he knew would find Squatty.

"Hello!" came back the answer.

"Squatty, is that you?"

"Yes."

"I want you to come to my office in an hour with six men."

"Hot work?"

"I expect it. Come on. If I am not in, you have a duplicate key."

"Yes."

"Then wait inside till I come."

"All right!"

He closed up his desk and office and ran out on the street.

His detective instinct seemed to be increased a thousand times in its keenness.

He returned to his own house and took up the trail.

It was easily found. A man who kept a peanut stand within sight of the house remembered to have seen a woman come hurriedly from the house and go to a carriage near. A man was following her.

They sprang in and drove away toward the lake.

He soon learned that the carriage belonged to Sampson and Thwarg.

He went and found the driver just in.

"Yes, I took two men and one woman from that flat to Pier No. 16," said the driver.

"Do you know where they went?"

"S'pose they went to Milwaukee."

"Why do you suppose they did?"

"Heard 'em talkin' with a feller charterin' his boat."

"Steamboat?"

"No, a sailin' yacht. Yes, they went aboard a yacht."

The detective ordered a carriage to drive him at full speed toward the lake.

He reached the pier and found a sailor who knew they had gone on Tom Lucknose's yacht.

"How long since?"

"Two or three hours."

"Could I catch them by rail?"

"Well, Tom's old tub, the 'Dog Star,' won't git there afore mornin', an' I could overhaul 'em."

"How many men were in the yacht?"

"Only two at first, but they waited a little while an' there came four or five more."

"Could you take a yacht and overhaul them?"

"My 'Sally' 'd do et in no time."

"How soon can you have her ready?"

"Ten minutes."

"Get ready."

He ran to the cab and was whirled back to the office just as Squatty and his six men arrived.

The cabman and his jaded horses were discharged and two more carriages engaged at once.

The eight men were whirled back to the lake, where they found the yacht waiting for them.

The captain of the Sally, who was also crew as well as captain, only waited for them to get on board, then shook out his sail, and they glided on the smooth surface past the crib, and on out upon the dark water.

"Do you know the owner of the Dog Star?" asked Mark.

"Yes."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"A regular scamp. He's been suspected o' bein' a smuggler, an' I know he is. Only two days ago they brought a cannon down to the dock and put it aboard his yacht."

"Is it there now?" asked Squatty.

"Yes, but it's covered up with tarpaulin so no one can tell it from a bag o' salt."

"Well, Mark," said Squatty, "if we're goin' to have a naval fight we'll have odds against us."

The detective, who was determined, answered:

"Their swivel will do them little good, for we will run them down before they know it."

The two detectives, who were great great friends, sat in front, and apart from the others.

"Say, Mark, how d'ye know the Tenderloin gang is aboard the yacht?"

"I have traced them."

"Think Hawk is there?"

"Yes."

With a laugh Squatty said:

"Why, he is in jail."

"No, he is not. If you mean that my client Claude Winters and Captain Hawk are one and the same, I assure you you are very much mistaken. Hawk has been seen since Claude Winters was in jail."

"Well, maybe I am off my calculation there."

"I know you are."

"I don't understand this sudden flight to Milwaukee. D'ye think they have the diamonds aboard her?"

"I doubt it."

"Then why this sudden flight?"

"Squatty, you must know all soon. I can't always keep this horrible secret, but don't talk to me any more on the subject."

"What d'ye mean, Mark?"

"My wife has deserted me."

"What?"

"I have told you all."

"And are we chasin' her?"

"Yes."

"Say, does she belong to the Tenderloin gang?"

"I think so."

"How d'ye make that out?"

"I have been a long time coming to that conclusion. Someone, evidently some member of the gang, sent me warning notes. Captain Hawk was at my house once in disguise.

"I didn't know him then, but I know him now."

Then he proceeded to tell the detective of his wife's elopement and the cruel letter she had left bhind.

"Look here, old fellow, don't you think it was all a put up job on you?"

"How, Squatty?"

"Why, this girl bein' found in such a romantic way."

"No, no, I believe she was true when I first found her. They have coaxed her away in my absence, while I was hunting for the accursed Buchannan diamonds."

"Say, ain't you goin' to give up the case?"

"No—never!"

"I would think it had caused you trouble enough."

"I am only ten times more determined to find the diamonds and prove the innocence of Claude Winters. I shall also astonish the world with the proof that the mysterious Scotty Rodgers and Catain Hawk are the same man."

"What?"

"They are the same. I know now, for my eyes are open, and what to me was a mystery is now as clear as day."

Squatty was a sympathetic fellow with a tender heart, and the woes of his friend made him sad.

"I wish we might overhaul the cussed Dog Star, if they are aboard her, and sink her," declared Squatty.

"If we overhaul her and run her down there will be a tough fight, on that you can depend."

"Yes, those fellows are not gentle as kittens. Besides, the man they are with is no gentle lamb. Tom Lucknose will fight. There's two or three cases against him for smuggling, and he has been suspected of taking stolen goods to Canada, where they are run away to England."

"Yes, I have heard of that."

"Hello, there's a sail."

"Where?"

Squatty pointed to the larboard.

The moon shone brightly from a cloudless sky and revealed the triangle sail of a boat that was bowling along at a good rate of speed.

The wind was blowing a brisk gale, and the two little vessels about two miles apart were bounding over the waves at a good rate of speed.

"Say, you, captain of the Sally, have you a night glass?"

"Yes," the captain answered.

"Bring it here and let us see if we can make out this craft."

"Better let me come, for the chances are you land lubbers wouldn't know a sloop if ye'd see it."

"Well, come on."

"I can't until someone comes to hold the tiller."

Squatty went back and took the tiller rope in one hand and the rudder in the other, as he had seen the sailor do; but before the captain, who was pilot and crew, had reached the bow of his craft, the inexperienced seaman had so bungled affairs that he had completely changed the course of the yacht.

On went the little craft bounding over the waves, and tipping and threatening to be overset, until the captain ran back, seized the helm and once more put her about.

"Now hold that down against this rail and keep the tiller rope taut."

"Well, I'll have to be taught before I'll know how," said Squatty.

The captain got his night-glass and soon had it focused on the fugitive, which was crowding all sail.

"Do you know her?" asked Mark, who was very pale.

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"The Dog Star."

"Can you overhaul her?"

"Yes, in an hour, but look ye, there's goin' to be some powder burnt."

"Never mind that, we will do all that will be done on board this craft."

"Well, I'll put ye alongside, 'cos I don't like Tom, an' if he's been a-doin' anything let him suffer for it."

The captain once more seized the tiller rope and helm, and the detectives took their places near the bow.

"Say, Mark!" whispered Squatty, "ain't she aboard that boat?"

"Yes."

"Well, if we fire at it we might hit her."

"Yes, but we must fire. I do not want her harmed if it can be avoided, yet we must fire, we have our duty to perform."

On bounded the boat.

Mark Ellis was very pale. He was calm though, and kept his gaze fixed and steadfast on the craft on which they were gaining

Nearer and nearer they approached the flying yacht.

The face of the detective was very determined as, drawing a large range pistol, he stood upon the rail of the schooner, clinging with his left hand to the rigging.

The fugitive tacked and shot away to the larboard, but the pursuer followed her example.

On and on, over the bounding waves they followed, gaining rapidly on them.

At last Mark sprang into the bow rigging and shouted:

"Yacht ahoy! Lay to, we want to speak with you."

There came a tremendous flash of fire from the side of the fugitive, followed by the deep, sharp report of a swivel, and a two-pound ball whizzed across the bow within a few inches of where Mark stood, striking the water several yards beyond.

"Wait, boys, wait until we are nearer!" cried Mark. They were within long pistol range, when two or three shots were fired at them

Then, as if by mutual consent, they waited until they were nearer.

Meanwhile, all on board the fugitive was bustle and confusion. The Sally was the swiftest sailer and despite the skillful management of the fugitive she rapidly overhauled her and brought up alongside

"Surrender!" cried Mark.

"Who are you?" came back an answering shout, "and by what authority do you demand our surrender?"

"In the name of the state of Illinois. We are officers of the police."

The two crafts were within a few feet of each other, when there suddenly burst from the side of the fugitive a blaze of fire, an earthquake shot, and pistol bullets and a small cannon shot crashed into the side of the boat.

"Fire aboard her!" roared Mark Ellis, at the same time replying with his heavy revolver.

There was a perfect fusillade poured in from each side.

The captain of the Sally was struck in the head and fell over his tiller. The yacht swung around just as a second volume of flame split the thin board through and through at the water line.

The vessel began to fill.

Mark ran to lift the dead man from the tiller, when Squatty cried:

"We are sinking!"

CHAPTER XV.

OUT OF JAIL.

The sinking, helpless wreck was riddled with bullets from the shouting, yelling rascals.

Again the little cannon belched forth ball and shot, which tore their way through the timbers of the boat, hastening it on its career to the bottom.

Fortunately there was a small skiff towing at the stern, and Mark, Squatty and three of the others, all who remained alive, leaped overboard and swam to it.

They succeeded in climbing into it, after several trials. Most of them having lost their weapons, they were glad to escape with their lives.

The Sally went down and the fugitive Dog Star sailed triumphantly away.

Our friends in the skiff drifted helplessly about, for they had not an oar to guide it.

At dawn of day they espied one of those lumber schooners, and after signaling for an hour it bore down on them, picked them up and set out on its slow voyage to Chicago.

Mark and his companions kept the story of their disaster to themselves, merely saying their yacht had sunk, and they had taken to the skiff, but lost their oars.

"Squatty," said Mark, as they sat in the forecastle of the schooner with Chicago in plain view.

"Well, Mark?

"It need not be necessary for you to tell what I have revealed to you."

"No."

"We can say we were pursuing some Chicago thieves and they sunk our boat."

"Yes."

"I am sorry for the poor fellows who went down, but it can't be helped."

"I am puzzled, Mark, to know what next to do."

"I think we will take the train to Milwaukee."

"Do you suppose they had the diamonds aboard that craft"

"In all probability."

"Then we will make a bee-line for the city."

When they landed in Chicago Mark thought it his duty to report to his fair employer first, and inform her that they had traced the stolen diamonds to Milwaukee.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he reached the house and rang the bell.

Miss Buchannan was in, and asked him to come to the parlor at once.

He feared that in some way his wife's elopement with one whom he believed to be the chief of the Tenderloins had reached her ears, and that she would upbraid him for a foolish marriage or perhaps dismiss him from a case on which he had set his heart.

But the secret was not out. He had schooled his features so that, beyond looking weary and haggard, there was really no change.

He told her that while chasing some of the Tenderloin gang whom he believed had the diamonds, their craft was upset and they came very near being drowned.

"The escape was marvelous," she remarked, on learning from his lips how they were picked up. "Now, I hope you are not too much fatigued to help me some today."

"Miss Buchannan, I shall devote my whole life to the recovery of those diamonds."

"Thank you. I want you to go with me to the lawyer's office."

[illegible]

She had her carriage called and they were soon whirling away to Mr. Robert Isles' office

The tall lawyer with thin, cadaverous face and soft voice, was in, and received them with his faint smile.

"Yes, I've got everything ready, the bond approved; and here is the order for his release," said the lawyer.

"Let us hasten to him, Mr. Isles. Poor Claude, he must not stay another hour in the loathsome prison."

Claude's friend, George H. Nelson, was at the jail awaiting them, and they all greeted the freed prisoner as he came forth.

"Oh, Claude, I am so happy to see you free," cried the fair Cora, as she clasped him about the neck. "Only one thing would make me more happy, and that would be your acquittal."

The accused was somewhat pale, but very calm.

He spoke in a voice that expressed little emotion, and told her he had no doubt that he would yet be proven innocent.

"God is too just to permit such an outrage as my conviction for an offense I never committed," he declared.

"I know it—I know it!" she cried, joyfully. "Come to the carriage and let us get away from this hateful place. Promise me you will never come [illegible] it again."

They went to the carriage. The detective was following when he saw the late prisoner's friend, George Nelson, standing apart from the others, looking on with infinite satisfaction.

Mark went to him and asked:

"Have you been to congratulate your friend, Mr. Nelson?"

"No, I am very glad that Claude once more has his liberty, but I do not know that he should be congratulated."

"Why?"

"Do you know who his bondsmen are?"

"No."

"The old Jew, the receiver of stolen goods, Nosey Jacobs, is the man who fixed up his bail."

"I had heard that he would."

"Now, I am Claude's friend. I have always known him to be honorable and honest, and still believe he is innocent, but as sure as you are standing there, Mr. Ellis, there is something rotten about this Nosey Jacobs business."

"To be candid, I greatly fear there is. I hope it is all right, but this strange relation that exists between these two is inexplicable."

"Don't say anything of my suspicions. I may be all wrong and hope I am."

Mark promised to respect his wishes and left him

Maude and Cora were waiting for him at the carriage

"Come with us, Mr. Ellis," said Cora. "We want to talk with you on the way to Mr. Isles' office and lay out the work for the future."

They entered the carriage and as the great, roomy, comfortable vehicle rolled along the drive the detective asked:

"What are your plans, Mr. Winters"

"I am going to help clear myself of this charge. I want to work with you and under you."

"Well, I will accept anything you may see fit to do, but you must not think this is any easy task you will have."

"I don't want an easy task. I am going to hunt down the scoundrels who have caused me the greatest sorrow of my life, even though I meet death to do it."

"No, no, Claude, don't say that."

"Death is preferable to living under this disgrace. Even though I should be acquitted what comfort will that bring me if I should still be unacquitted in the opinions of the people."

She made no answer.

Claude again turned to the detective and asked:

"What is your next move"

"I am going to Milwaukee."

"When?"

"Tonight."

"Do you think those whom you suspect of having the diamonds there?"

"Yes."

"I want to go with you"

The detective hesitated a moment and then said:

"You may go. It may not be good policy to accept the services of one who has had little or no experience, but you have your heart so in this case and it may make up for your lack of experience"

They went to the Buchannan mansion, where Cora and her lover stopped, and Mark went to his office. Claude promised to report there in an hour

He came, and they went to dinner, after which they went to the depot and boarded the train

Milwaukee was reached shortly after midnight.

Both the detective and Claude were disguised.

They went to a hotel and had just registered as Smith and Jones, when the detective looking about saw a boy sitting on a chair eyeing them.

In an instant the detective recognized him as the same lad who led him to the house where he came so near perishing in the fire. There could be no question that he was a spy of the Tenderloin gang.

He did not evince any excitement, but went with his companion to his apartment. When [illegible] inside he locked the door.

"Wh[illegible] you see the boy in a brown [illegible] sitting on the chair?"

[illegible]

"He is a Tenderloin spy and is not a boy [illegible], but a woman in disguise."

[illegible]

"Now quick, I want you to don this disguise," [illegible] taking a pair of false whiskers from his valise. "Go down and watch [illegible]. If he leaves the building, ask the clerk to ring my bell."

Bewildered and amazed, Claude permitted himself to be disguised, changed his coat and hat, and after the detective made an inspection, pronounced him all right.

"Now, go!"

Claude opened the door and stepped into the hall and met the supposed boy face to face. He had been listening at the keyhole.

(To be continued next week.)

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In the shade of the sheltering cane;
As the husk holds the fruit would I fold you
And shield you forever from bane;
Would I bear you to bask in the sun,
Like an eagle that soars to the zenith
But I'm weak as the fern leaf that leaneth
In the dusk everglade, little one.

Sleep, child, for your father is coming
From the war when the light shall come back
He will come with glad tidings and drumming,
And with food and fine goods in his pack,
For the days of our hunger shall vanish
And the days of our freedom are near;
So sleep that your dreamings may banish
The [illegible] of starvation and fear.

[illegible] little fairy so tender
[illegible] cherub you'll be by-and-by;
For a mother's heart guards you, my tender,
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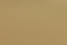

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IN LIFE'S SPRING TIME

How to See Through a Quarter.

BY JAMES HART.

"You can see through him easily enough," is an old saying that was in constant use long before the discovery of the X-rays, but of late many substances formerly considered quite opaque, such as a wooden tea tray, or a brick wall, for instance, may now be seen through, and with the help of a focus tube you can get a splendid negative of Tommy in the jam cupboard before opening the door.

Many years ago a toy was constructed to enable you to look through a brick wall. But it was too heavy and cumbersome to put in the pocket, and as brick walls are not portable, it did not prove a very great success financially.

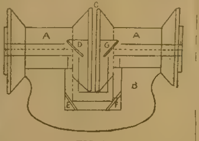

FIG. 1.

The little toy I am about to describe is made on exactly the same lines, but it has the advantage that it will go into your pocket, and you will find the quarter much more portable than a brick wall, and if you are a careful boy and always ask your uncle for the loan of the quarters to experiment with, they may accumulate.

The material required for our scientific instrument is not of a very costly description. Two old spools, a piece of pine wood about 2¾ by 1 inch deep, a little glue and four small pieces of silvered glass, is all we require.

A section of the complete thing is shown in Fig. 1. A, A are the two spools mounted on the wooden base or handle B, leaving the space C between them sufficiently wide to easily admit a quarter. D, E, F, and G, are four small pieces of silvered glass placed at an angle of 45 degrees, so that the light striking on the mirror, say at D, is deflected onto E, and from that to F, and then up to G, as shown by dotted line, and then with the coin inserted between the spools at C it gives the impression that you are looking right through it.

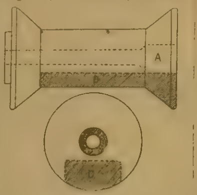

FIG. 2.

And now, the general arrangement being understood, we can commence making the toy.

First take a label off one end of each spool carefully, so as not to injure it, as we shall require the label again, or else procure two fresh labels from other spools.

Then with a half-inch drill enlarge the central hole to about half an inch deep as at A (Fig. 2), and next with saw and chisel cut away the shaded portion of B, making the end portion C one inch wide, so that the spool will fit onto the one-inch block of wood B (Fig. 1), which forms a handle to hold it by. Square up this [illegible] now to see that the spools fit on easily with space for the coin between the inner ends; the dimensions given must of course be altered according to the size of spools used.

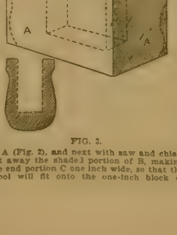

FIG. 3.

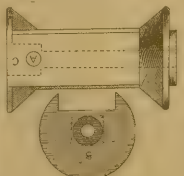

FIG. 4.

Trim up the lower corners A, A (Fig. 3), and mark an oblong centrally on top, making it a full half-inch wide, by an inch and a quarter long, and cut a mortise out as shown by dotted lines, making it six-eighths of an inch deep.

The outside may then be trimmed away with a penknife, as in section B, so as to appear as small as possible outside, and round up the base C.

Now take each reel and drill a hole into that running through the spool, and of the same size, say one-quarter inch in diameter, starting the center of hole about one-quarter inch distant from edge C (Fig. 4), on the flat part already cut away, also at end B; with small chisel square out the hole as shown by dotted lines, and when you have treated both reels alike, get the reflectors ready.

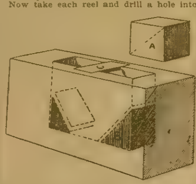

FIG. 5.

For the reflectors you can buy a small pocket looking glass and have four pieces half an inch square cut from it.

These are to be fixed at a certain angle—forty-five degrees—and as it all depends on this angle whether the instrument acts correctly, you must be very careful in fitting the mirrors into it.

Carefully saw out two cubes of wood a half-inch square, and then saw each cube in two diagonally, as at dotted line A (Fig. 5), and you will now have four blocks of the correct angle, in which you can attach the squares of silvered glass by a little glue. Any slight inaccuracy in cutting may be corrected by glueing in small strips of paper.

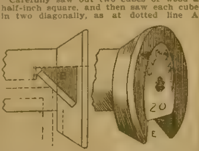

FIG. 6.

Then insert two of them into the mortise cut in handle as at B, B, and across center of mortise glue in a narrow strip of wood C, to fill up the space at the bottom of spools.

Now glue the two remaining reflectors into the spools at section D (Fig. 6), and look to cover up the hole and make it look as though the spool had not been touched, stick on the labels that we had preserved, as at end view E, leaving only a small central hole for appearance sake. You cannot, of course, see much of the ends in the narrow space between the reels, still it makes it more complete. Now glue the reels on in position, and when dry, the little instrument is ready for use, and if you have taken care to have the angles correct, it cannot fail to give the impression you want it to convey.

SENT FREE TO MEN

Free [illegible] packages of a most remarkable remedy for sexual weakness are being distributed by the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the Institute has decided to [illegible] free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back or varicocele, can now cure themselves at home.
The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location, giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that comes from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 562 First National Bank Building, Ft. Wayne, Ind., stating that you desire one of their free trial packages, will be complied with. The Institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated, and the free trial package will enable men to see how easy it is to be cured when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delay.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

$9.50 BUYS A HIGH GRADE VICTOR SEWING MACHINE [illegible] Work. Reliable and Finely [illegible] Address Dept [illegible] VICTOR MFG CO., [illegible] Ave., Chicago.
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[illegible] advertise our new [illegible] Henry Clay Cigars and keep factory going we will offer for 60 days only two valuable prizes free with every box Cigars. Send your name, express office and state and we will send 1 box of our best H.C.Cigars, 1 first quality 5 shot self-cocking nickel plated rubber handle, new model police Revolver, S. & W. 32 or 38 Cartridge used all over the world. 1 Gent's Elegant Stem Wind, Richly Engraved Watch with 14k gold plate Chain and Charm. The cases are 14k gold on outside and inside over fine composition, beautifully finished, fitted with good grade patent ¾ plate, genuine American lever works with 10 year guarantee, equal in appearance to a $50 watch. You can examine package at express office, if satisfactory, pay agent and express charges and $3.95 he will deliver the whole package to you. All we ask is that you call for package promptly and try to get orders for our Cigars, which are full size and weight, warranted to give perfect satisfaction. It costs us money to make this offer but we want to get you started, you can make more money working for us than anything else, give it a trial. Ladies watch if desired.
COLUMBIA WHOLESALE MERCHANDISE CO., 167-169 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ills.
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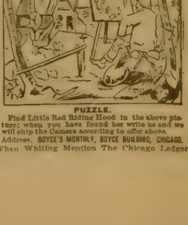
CAMERA FREE

Below will be found a puzzle picture; it represents an artist drawing a picture of Little Red Riding Hood. He is looking for her; she is concealed in the picture. Any reader who can discover her is entitled to a Camera and full outfit of plates, tray, developer, toning and fixing chemicals, silver paper and instructions. Little Red Riding Hood is in the picture; hunt patiently and you may find her and win a Camera. Turn the picture around slowly and look for her carefully—if you find her, draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send us 42 cents in stamps and we will send you Boyce's Monthly for a year and a Camera free. The amount you send includes all charge for boxing, packing, postage, etc.
Here is a test for those who like puzzles.



PUZZLE.
Find Little Red Riding Hood in the above picture; when you have found her write us and we will ship the Camera according to offer above.
Address, BOYCE'S MONTHLY, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO.
When Whiting Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A SONG OF THE SEASONS.

BY JAMES BARRETT KIRK.

Oh, the air with love is laden
When the snowflakes are disporting
With the cheeks of every maiden!
Yes, the winter's made for courting.

And behind the frigid glory
As it passes, gaily treading
Comes the sequel of the story
For the springtime brings a wedding

Then as Time, the jovial bummer,
Still continues his gyrations,
Bride and groom enjoy the summer
With their separate flirtations.

Till their love has found a bottom
And romance has ran its courses;
And they hie them in the Autumn
To the land of quick divorces.

◆

A MEXICAN'S REVENGE.

The Strange Story of a Man-Eating Tree, and the Peril of Two Men.

I have spent, in all, three years in Central America. I went there with a surveying party which was running the line of a projected railroad, one of those railroads which are built on paper alone. It has never yet materialized. While the line was being run I made the acquaintance of an American citizen who was the owner of a large coffee plantation, and he invited me to spend some time with him. I accepted, and in a little while a mutual friendship sprang up between us. The result was that before the time came for my departure he told me that it was necessary for him to pay a visit to his old home in Ohio with his wife, to settle up some legal business, and he had been trying to find some one who could take charge of his plantation during his absence. He urged me to take the position, and I accepted. Another week found me at the head of one of the finest plantations in Nicaragua.

My duties were light enough. Bland had a competent general manager, and about all I had to do was to act as the power behind the throne in the master's absence. I had but one difficulty during this time. The manager, a Cuban named Carlinos, was popular with the laborers, and all went smoothly until one day a Mexican, Michael Ferrara, positively refused to obey some order that Carlinos had given him, and Carlinos appealed to me. Upon investigation I calmly told the Mexican either to obey orders or to leave the place. With a sidelong glance at Carlinos and myself he did what the manager had commanded, and the storm seemed to have blown over, but I did not feel quite confident about it. The Mexican's look troubled me and I mentioned it to Carlinos, but he treated the matter lightly and was inclined to be scornful in regard to Ferrara. "He is a coward," he said, shrugging his shoulders, and so dismissed the matter. I let the subject drop, ashamed of seeming afraid of a man whom this slender Cuban regarded with such disdain, and yet I could have sworn that when I waked that night, startled at some slight noise on the terrace outside my window, it was Ferrara's dark face I saw in the moonlight peering in at me. In an instant it was gone, and I was out of the room running along the terrace, searching here and there. But no, though I gave the terrace a thorough search, and even went around to the end of the house and the grove of banana trees beyond, I saw nothing moving anywhere save an owl that flitted out of the trees. I went back to my room, concluding that I had dreamed the whole affair.

The next morning I felt quite surt of it. I met Ferrara several times during the course of the day and he was especially pleasant. He was better educated than the majority of his class, and his position on the plantation gave him a kind of precedence over the others. I was near him several times before the day was over, and I noticed that on each occasion he took pains to speak pleasantly and greet me with his most corteous smile. I thought he was sorry for the bad temper he had shown the day before. I didn't know him as well then as I do now.

The next day Carlinos and I had decided upon a hunt in the mountains that made a jagged outline against the sky off to the south. While we were getting the guns and cartridges into condition for use, Ferrara approached and said in his smoothest tones:

"If the senors went to the valley, down beyond the Contadino pass, they would find where a great panther roams, and has been seen many times. I myself saw it but two days ago, but I was unarmed, so I put spurs to my horse and galloped away."

Carlinos turned to me with a look of interest. "That's a good idea," he said. "We'll look for the panther first, and if we fail to find him we can try the mountains."

We were about to turn away when Ferrara stopped us, with many apologies. "Beyond the Contadino pass," he said, "you will find a narrow trail leading off eastward down the valley. Follow that trail half a mile, until you see a huge white cliff, a hundred yards to the right. At the foot of that cliff the panther has been seen again and again. Adios, senors!"

And so Carlinos and I went walking off, with swinging stride, toward the pass, glad of a day in the woods, and ready for any adventure that came along.

Except the one that actually did come. For within the next hour we went through the most horrible experience that ever fell to the lot of mortals I am sure.

We found the pass—a mere gap in the mountains, not used for travel, as another pass, a few miles further south, furnished the nearest road to the town. The pass was strewn with rough bowlders and jagged masses of rock, difficult to make one's way over, and for half an hour we had all the exercise we needed in climbing over and around these obstructions. At last, however, we were clear of them, and we shouldered our guns again after a brief rest, and went on until we found the trail among the bushes. It was such a path as could be made by cows or sheep, going to and from a watering place, and I was going along, paying very little attention to it, when Carlinos, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and muttered: "That is very strange."

I looked over his shoulder and there in the yellow sand was the barefoot track of a man. We easily traced it along the trail for several hundred yards, and then it suddenly disappeared, as though the owner of the track had turned off into the thick undergrowth. We both followed it up to the point, and then missing it, looked at one another and said again: "That is very strange!"

And then we both laughed, and Carlinos said:

"But it might have been some herdsman looking for a stray cow or sheep."

But I noticed that Carlinos looked after his cartridges a little more closely, and held his gun in a position to use, if necessary. And just then the cliff that Ferrara had described came into view, about a hundred yards away, and we turned off from the path toward this place in which the panther had been so often seen.

Scarcely had we started in that direction when we were startled by the long, fierce scream of the panther itself. As nearly as we could judge it was at that very moment at the base of the cliff. We stopped involuntarily at the sound, and then went stealing down the slope, with eyes watchful and nerves stretched to the utmost. Yet we went on and on, without seeing it, and suddenly found ourselves almost at the base of the cliff, which had been hidden by the thick and tangled brush through which we had passed.

Then we stopped and looked around, peering here and there through the bushes. It was easy to see the spot of ground on which we stood had been the haunt of some wild animal, for all about us bones lay bleaching on the ground. But nothing was to be seen. The face of the cliff, up to a height of twelve or fifteen feet, was covered with the matted tendrils of a dead vine, apparently. It suddenly occurred to me that the panther's den might be back under the cliff, hidden by the vine, and I was about to investigate when just behind us, not ten feet away, sounded the horrible scream of the panther.

Both of us whirled, and Carlinos stepped back a little. In a moment of confusion I failed to notice him, but in an instant he gave a heart-rending cry: "Help, help, quick, the tree! The man-eating tree!"

Never will I forget that cry, nor the sight that met my eyes. In stepping back he had stumbled against the dead vine, as I had thought it. And then in a moment every tendril had become instinct with life, and was twisting and writhing about him with the most horribly snake-like motions, matted around his body and legs, holding his arms tight and drawn across his face and clasped about his throat. Already when I looked around he was helpless. During the single moment while I stood there looking at him motionless with horror his face had begun to turn purple.

And then all at once I recovered myself a little, and snatching my hunting knife from my belt began cutting and slashing at the horrible, writhing tendrils in the effort to cut their victim loose.

But before I had made three strokes something caught my arm and held it; then something crawled swiftly about my neck, and then there were others around my hands, over my head, across my hands, over my head, and held, while wherever the snaky monsters touched went fierce pains, as though my flesh were being torn from my body. I felt my consciousness slipping away; but as it was going suddenly the dark face of Ferrara peered out from the bushes in front of me, and he cried out with mocking laughter:

"I hope you enjoy yourselves, senors. The panther is not far away, believe me. Only wait for him until he comes. Adios! Adios!"

The shock of anger roused me a little in the midst of my racking torture, and I saw Ferrara turn to go away, but all at once amid the chorus of maledictions, a dozen hands seized him and pinned him down, and we were surrounded by a crowd of laborers from the plantation. With long knives they cut and hacked at the limbs that were sucking the blood from our veins and in a few moments they had us free. How they got us home I never knew. It was not until the next day that I recovered consciousness, and I was unable to turn in my bed even, for two weeks. The excoriations on my face and hands left painful wounds, which were a long time in healing, and which made dreadful scars. These have all gone, however, except the one on my neck, which resembles the scar left by a centipede.

As for Carlinos, he lay as if dead for several days, and there were times when he was pronounced really dead. Then he went off into fever and delirium, and it seemed that he could not possibly recover. After a while, though, he did struggle back into life, but his health was wrecked, and he was never again able to walk as much as a hundred yards.

How did we happen to be rescued? Why, some of Ferrara's fellow servants had heard his muttered imprecations against us, and, when we had gone and they saw him sneak after us, they held a cousultation and decided to follow. I have always believed that Ferrara circled around us, got in ahead, and imitated the cry of the panther himself to lure us on. I have never been able to find out, however. When I had regained strength enough to feel some little curiosity, and asked one of our rescuers what they had done with Ferrara, he answered with the utmost unconcern:

"We gave him to the man-eating tree, senor."

◆

A Good Reason.

Mrs. Trouble—Why don't you buy me a bicycle?

Husband—Because I don't want to cook my own meals.

◆

Young folks grow most when in love. It increases their sighs wonderfully.

SWEETER THAN CANDY.

A Little Incident of the Happy Hours of Childhood.

A boy on a velocipede and a wee little girl on a tricycle were straining every nerve to mount a short incline, the girl directly behind the boy. The latter was evidently holding some of his strength in reserve; for, whenever his feminine companion was on the point of catching up with him, and hitting his back wheel with her front wheel, he would take a short spurt, and leave her behind.

At last she grew a little discouraged, and broke out with a "Dear me, Tom! I can't catch you, and I'm so tired. Won't you drag me up the rest of the way?"

Tommy was evidently living on his pride, for he replied:

"Well, what did you say you could beat me for, then?"

"I'm sorry, Tom, and I'll take it all back. I can't beat you, and (this with a half sob) I'm so very, very tired."

The acknowledgement of his superiority made the call upon his knighthood for help efficacious now. And with an "I'll try it, sis," Tom bent to the hard work of drawing his sister up the hill, every muscle in his young body strained to the utmost. There was a look of dogged determination on Tom's face, an expression of blissful trustfulness on his sister's countenance, and a slow rotation of the wheels on the asphalt.

In a few minutes the top of the hill was reached, and, breathless and tired, Tom stopped, whereat his thankful little sister took a piece of candy out of her pocket and handed it to her brother, saying as she did so:

"There's for you, Tom. It's good candy; but there is something that is even sweeter."

"Well, sis," said the matter-of-fact Tom, as he took his reward, "and what's that?"

"Yourself, Tom," said the winsome little miss.

◆

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

◆

A Soliloquy in the Beyond.

BY MR. TURKEY GOBBLER.

Ah, distinctly I remember it was during last November—
'Twas the final, solemn Thursday that we gobblers fear and dread—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a rapping,
Some darn rogue was coolly hacking just behind my stately head,
Then he ate me up so quickly he could scarce crawl into bed,
And that night he joined the dead.

◆

FEMALE DISEASES AND THE PILES.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It will cure even the very worst cases, and I will gladly mail a free box to every sufferer. Address, MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 44, Kokomo, Ind.

◆

Papa's Affliction.

He—I suppose if I were to kiss you you'd scream and bring your father downstairs in a rage, wouldn't you?

She—O, papa is very deaf.

◆

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

◆

Interested Advice.

"Why are you so strongly in favor of having girls study music abroad?"

"It keeps them from banging the piano next door."

THE GOSPEL OF DEEDS.

By Rev. I. Mench Chambers.

There is often more religion
In our simple-hearted deeds,
Than we find by careful study
In our complicated creeds.

For our acts may hold the spirit
Of the Nazarene of old,
And all bible truths are plainer
When by human actions told.

All life needs a fuller gospel
Than the preacher can proclaim;
Such as christian hearts can utter,
By their service in His name.

Deeds that shine by His reflection
Deep into another's need;
Bear upon their face a gospel
Which the world will always read.

If our hearts gave truer utterance
Of the truths they claim to know,
Life would be a benediction,
Scattering heaven's peace below.

◆

A Cook Book Free.

"Table and Kitchen" is the title of a new cook book published by the Price Baking Power Company, Chicago. Just at this time it will be sent free if you write a postal mentioning the Chicago Ledger. This book has been tried by ourselves and is one of the very best of its kind. Besides containing over 400 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are many hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining room, etc., a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as of the most economical and homelike, is provided for. Remember "Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any lady sending her address (name, town and state) plainly given. A copy in German or Scandinavian will be sent if desired. Postal card is as good as letter. Address Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, Ill.

◆

Lot's Wife's Fate Settled.

Isabel had spent the most of her five years on a cattle ranch, and while at her grandfather's home in the city she was taken to Sunday school for the first time.

The teacher told the story of Lot's wife, and Isabel listened very attentively. The teacher ended the story by saying, "For all I know, the pillar of salt may be there now."

"Say, was that a cattle country?" asked Isabel.

"Yes; I think so," replied the teacher.

"Well, let me tell you," with an air of superior knowledge, "those cattle would have licked her up long ago."

◆

Latter-Day Dude Is Loaded.

"Say, dad, there is a New York dude over thar in the El Dorado saloon. Come out and lick him."

"See here, son, are you trying to git your old dad into trouble? You just read up on that first Cuban battle. Your dad's goin' to let the dude family severely alone hereafter."

◆

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25 cents. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

◆

Hospitable, Anyway.

"Come and dine with us tomorrow," said the illiterate old fellow, who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society.

"Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'"

"That all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."

◆

A Happy Bride.

"Brides are usually distinguished for some special trait or attraction."

"I believe so."

"It's different with one of the latest of them."

"Why so?"

"She'll be known for her General Merritt."

◆

Quite Another Question.

"I could die for you!" he cried passionately.

"Of course," she replied. "But would you?"

Some girls are so practical and prosaic, you know.

AUCTION BY MAIL.

Read the conditions and send your bid. We will sell to the highest bidders the following articles:

NO. 1 ONE WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER, COMPLETE, - - PRICE, $100.00
NO. 2 ONE COLUMBIA CHAIN BICYCLE, LADIES' OR GENTS', " 75.00
NO. 3 ONE COLUMBIAN SEWING MACHINE, 4 DRAWERS - - " 50.00
NO. 4 ONE 14-K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, LADIES' OR GENTS', " 25.00
NO. 5 ONE SOLID OAK 3-PIECE, FULL SIZE, BEDROOM SUITE, - " 20.00
NO. 6 ONE WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, SHEEP, - " 10.00

The regular price of each article is correctly given, and each article is new and just as represented. The names are a guarantee of their high grade. The goods are all right and the offer genuine. These articles will go to the highest bidders without reserve, whatever the bids may be. You may be willing to bid the full price, which you would have to pay your local dealer. You may only bid one-half or one-fourth the regular price, but if you only BID ONE DOLLAR, the article named will be yours, if that is the highest bid. We make this REMARKABLE AND UNPRECEDENTED offer to introduce FARM NEWS, an excellent, up-to-date, 16-page farm paper into several thousand more homes. To this end, and as a guarantee of good faith, we require that each bid be accompanied by 50 CENTS, the price of a year's subscription to FARM NEWS, entitling you to one bid on each article. For this 50 cents whether best bidder or not you receive

FARM NEWS, - - - - One Year, Regular Price, $0.50
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FIVE COLORED WAR PICTURES, 9 x 14, - - - - .50
Total value for 50 cents, $2.00

Send no money with your bid except the small guarantee and subscription above named. Any person may bid as often as desired, but each separate bid must be accompanied by the subscription price named. Bids will be received until January 1, 1899, and announcement of result made and articles sent to highest bidder as early as possible thereafter. Should there be duplicates of the highest bid for any one article, precedence will be given to the one first received. HOW MUCH WILL YOU BID?

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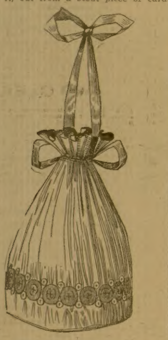
"DIRT IN THE HOUSE BUILDS THE HIGHWAY TO BEGGARY." BE WISE IN TIME AND USE

SAPOLIO

HOME AND HEALTH.

Button Bag.

A bag is one of the most convenient receptacles for small buttons, and a pretty one of medium size, nicely made and decorated, will be useful in a girl's room. To make it, cut from a stout piece of cardboard a round disk three and one-half inches in diameter, to act as a button. Cover it with muslin; then select some pretty plain or figured material for the bag. Plush, cretonne, silk and denim are all serviceable goods and offer a wide variety to choose from. Allow the bag to have a depth of six inches, and one inch from the top arrange draw strings to close the opening or mouth of the bag. Inclose the cardboard in the bottom of the bag and tack it fast; then gather the material together at the center of the bottom and attach it with a large button, sewed fast to the cardboard bottom. Around the lower part of the bag a design made up of large and small buttons of various colors can be worked out, and with Asiatic dyed rope or roman floss silk a few long and short stitches can be taken above and below the large buttons to add to the appearance of the design. Three small bags of this description attached together by the ends of the strings will prove an acceptable gift for use in the sewing room. And each may have its selected contents, one for bone buttons, one for small pearl ones, and the third for cloth buttons, such as may be used on underclothing, and, to distinguish one from the other, the name of their respective contents can be embroidered on the outside, just above the design of buttons. One bag can be adopted for two kinds of buttons by using an elliptical shaped base and making a division in the middle of the bag, and embroidering on the outside the name of the contents of each side. J. H. A.



Walk in the Sunshine.

When the work of the busy woman will permit her to travel her two miles in the sunshine, she should surely make the most of such a priceless advantage, for beneficial as the breathing of plenty of oxygen and the regular exercise of muscle are at any time sunshine is a tonic for mind, heart and body, which no woman, sick or well, can afford to despise.

The society girl, who has a little more leeway in arranging her time, should walk each morning directly after breakfast not less than two miles. The busy woman of household cares can plan to take her morning tramp when she is out marketing for the day. She should never delude herself, moreover, with the idea that shopping, dragging about from store to store, carrying parcels and breathing the impure air of the average shop is "getting exercise." It is only the full, free swing out of doors in the pure air that will take her home with red cheeks and bright eyes.

Schoolgirls should walk either before school hours or at noon. An hour each day given to brisk walking will prove far more valuable in after life than the usual assortment of half-learned accomplishments, "parlor tricks," with which children's spare hours are usually filled.

Guard the Children's Ears.

A high English medical authority, Sir William Dalby, has recently written a treatise on the preservation of the hearing, in which he speaks with strongest terms of reprobation of the "cruel and iniquitous practice of boxing children's ears."

Blows on the head of any sort are apt to be permanently injurious, and anyone who has studied physiology, however superficially, will readily understand how easily a violent box on the ear may rupture the eardrum and perhaps produce incurable deafness. There are many such cases on record, and parents who do not understand the danger of such chastisement will do well to take heed and avoid it.

It is more startling to be told that a drop of laudanum put into the ear to relieve earache may produce permanent trouble; nevertheless it is so. Nothing of any sort should be injected into the ear except by medical advice. If laudanum and glycerine are used, they should be put on a bit of cotton wool, and care must be taken not to put the cotton in too far. The best aurists positively forbid syringing the ears and where it is necessary to cleanse them prescribe surgical cotton twisted on the end of a wire, the wire being carefully covered, and the cotton projecting for an inch beyond it. Even then the cotton must be carefully and tenderly applied.

In case of earache the only safe home remedy is a hot water bag, or better yet a roasted onion, very hot, done up first in newspaper and then in flannel and applied on the outside over the ear.

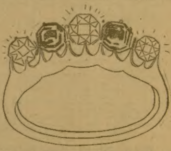
In bathing, especially in the surf, cotton should be put into the ears, otherwise a sudden and violent influx of water may do serious harm.

Star Mats.

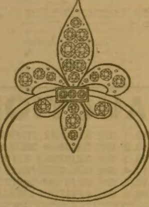
Have four knitting kneedles; cast on three stitches on each of three needles, then the like the beginning of a stocking; then knit two plain rounds, then widen every stitch all round, then knit one plain round, then widen every two stitches all around, then one plain round, then widen every three stitches all around, then a plain round. Continue so till you get thirteen stitches between. Knit a plain round every time after widening, then widen and narrow, and widen again, then knit two plain rounds, then widen and narrow, widen and narrow again, then widen, then knit two plain rounds. Continue so till the star is complete, adding one more widened stitch every two rounds. Then bind off.

Engagement Rings.

Quite the most notable change in jewelry this coming season is the revolution in wedding rings. The large broad style is no longer in vogue. The narrow English band of the deeply colored California gold has made its appearance. The up-to-date bride will accept of none other than the thin fine circle, almost exactly the same as her great-grandmother wore sixty years ago. One ring, shown here, has inscribed in small black letters, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder;" a second, in imitation of old English style, was engraved with "Let likinge laste," while in a third was seen "Thou hast my pledge of love."



THE NEW ENGAGEMENT RING, 1898.



FLEUR DE LIS ENGAGEMENT RING.

In betrothal rings this season there is the fleur de lis, which is studded with emeralds and three daimonds directly across the ring. This design is so arranged that it can be removed and used as a lace pin if desired. A novelty in twenty-two-carat gold is shown. Set in claws across the ring is a diamond to typify faith, next an emerald for hope and a ruby for love.

The Softly Burning Lamp.

Not all the lamps which burn softly under their gauze and silken shades in milady's boudoir and drawing room are fed on the traditional oil supposed to be absorbed by lamps. The question of filling and trimming and managing to the requisite nicety proves too serious for some housemaids, and more than one mistress has had a gas pipe brought in and connected with the lamp needed to burn the most often. A little ingenuity and advising with the gas man may permit the flexible tube which connects the lamp with wall pipe to be concealed, remarks and exchange.

VALUABLE BOOK FREE.

32-PAGE BOOK ON ART AND FANCY WORK GIVEN TO BLADE READERS.

Mrs. Nella Daggett, editor of THE HOME, has published a new edition of her book "Fancy Work and Art Decoration," giving practical instructions for making doilies, table covers, scarfs, tray cloths, pin cushions, etc., etc., with 50 illustrations. This book, together with "Successful Home Dyeing," will be sent free to any reader of the CHICAGO LEDGER who forwards the attached coupon and a 2-cent stamp to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Coupon No. 817. *Send this with a 2-cent stamp to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., and receive by mail, one copy each of "Fancy Work" and "Home Dyeing."*

This liberal offer is made to advertise the reliable Diamond Dyes and to get their book upon home dyeing into the hands of women who want to dress well by making their old clothing look new.

Diamond Dyes are prepared specially for home use, and are practical and simple. They make fast colors, and are far superior to any other method of home-dyeing.

Send for the books to-day. They will help you in making Christmas gifts, etc.

Notes for the Laundry.

Saleratus and soap will cleanse the zinc lining of washing machines. The zinc is apt to be troublesome to keep clean, the sediment clings, and I have found nothing so effective as saleratus.

Many dislike to use kerosene in washing on account of its tendency to yellow the clothes. A teaspoonful of saleratus in the boiler will cause them to look beautifully white, either with or without the kerosene.

A laundress of many years experience, always having snowy clothes, uses a slight blueing in the first rinsing water after boiling, and then puts them through a deeper shade. By this means all spots and streaks are avoided and every thread gets its share of blue.

Two tablespoonfuls of starch and white of an egg boiled together make a nice paste for scrap books and for pasting velvet or silk for photograph frames.

Shampooing the Hair.

When shampooing the hair rub the lather through the strands gently and with the finger tips remove all the little particles of dust and dandruff which may be clinging to the scalp. After using the bath spray liberally with warm towels, then—if possible—get someone to vigorously massage your scalp. This will prevent one from taking cold. Never begin combing out your locks until they are thoroughly dry. A sun bath of twenty minutes make a good tonic.

Occasionally an egg shampoo is more beneficial than the usual one of soap. The simplest recipe is the yolk of an egg, one ounce of rosemary spirits and one pint of very warm water.

YOUR EYES MAY BE YOUR FORTUNE

CAN YOU COUNT THE DOTS?

If so and you make the correct number you will receive $50.00 in cash. If more than one sends correct number we will divide the amount. Everyone sending within five of the exact number of dots will receive $25 Cash, Bicycle, $20 Cash, Gold Watch, $15 Cash, Silver Set, $10 Cash or other Valuable Prize

OUR CONTEST. You must count carefully the dots and send to us with 25 cents for trial subscription to our magazine. This is no chance or missing letter scheme, merely a contest to interest new readers to our interesting paper, and we propose spending $2000 this month in cash and valuable presents. Everyone try your eyes. Remember every contestant receives cash or present worth from $3 to $50. Everyone has an equal chance. Distance makes no difference. Enclose 25 cents and address letter to HOME VISITOR PUB. CO., Home Visitor Bldgs, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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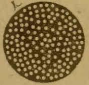

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This is one of the best premiums ever offered by a publisher. You can load in the morning, shoot all day, and have the game sent home at night. This rifle is well finished, and has a pistol grip. It is simple in construction, durable and strong, and not liable to get out of order. Do not compare this with the cheap Air Rifles that have been on the market for the past five years. Sent as a premium for $1.50 worth of subscriptions.

Get up a Club of Six Subscribers at 25c. Each and YOU GET THE RIFLE FREE. Address BOYCE'S MONTHLY, BOYCE BLDG, CHICAGO.

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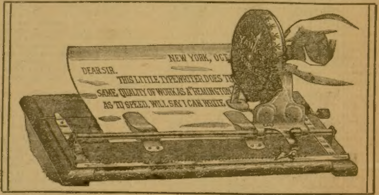
including all charges for postage, packing, etc. The Typewriter is the greatest success of the age. Over a quarter of a million have been sold. The Typewriter is made of light, yet strong parts of steel and brass; the letters are made of rubber; the ink is on a felt wheel which revolves as the type wheel is turned. The machine is self-spacing and has a decided advantage, which is that you can see the work as it is being done. The Typewriter is mounted on a neat wood base and is accompanied by full directions so that a child can operate it.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THIS LITTLE TYPEWRITER DOES THE SAME QUALITY OF WORK AS A REMINGTON AS TO SPEED, WILL SAY I CAN WRITE

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THE SATURDAY BLADE AND CHICAGO LEDGER

FREE!

To anyone getting us a boy to sell these papers in any town or village where we have no agent. Boys make 40 PER CENT profit. Write at once.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Golden Sauce.

Cream together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one cupful of powdered sugar; when very light add gradually the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and three tablespoonfuls of cream, then add the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla.

It is altogether too easy to be charitable with other people's soup.

Half Sick Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? Impure blood. And the remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctor.

We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER,
Lowell, Mass.

Ladies' or Gent's Size

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches from a bankrupt firm, consisting of solid gold, silver and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the Watch trade. Among the stock are 3,150 AMERICAN STYLE WATCHES, in SOLID GOLD-FILLED CASES, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade, at the unheard-of LOW PRICE of $3.98 EACH. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect timekeeper, and each watch is accompanied with our guarantee for 20 years. Think of it! A genuine American Style Movement watch, in solid gold-filled case, and guaranteed 20 YEARS for $3.98. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper at about one-third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell. CUT THIS OUT and send to us and we will send a watch to you C. O. D., subject to examination, by express, upon approval. If found perfectly satisfactory, and exactly as represented, pay $3.98 and express charges, and it is yours, otherwise you do not pay one cent. Can we make a fairer offer? Be sure to mention whether you want ladies's or gents' size. Price per dozen, $42.00. If full amount, $3.98 is sent with the order, we will include one of our special heavy GOLD FILLED CHAINS, which retail the world over, for $1.00. Address at once, **SAFE WATCH CO., 19 Warren St., NEW YORK.**

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RINGS FREE.

We give every reader of this paper the choice of these six beautiful rings FREE. This is one of the most liberal offers ever made by a responsible concern. Ring No. 1 is a genuine "Andes" South American diamond, 3-4 carat in size. It is set in genuine Tiffany style, eight claws to hold stone. The ring is a beauty and has a surprising fire and lustre. Ring No. 2 is really two rings in one. One gold-plated, the other silver. They are fastened together by interlocking of the loops. Ring No. 3 has two "Andes" diamonds and two emeralds, each stone about 1-4 carat in size. The cluster is set Tiffany style. The ring is gold plated and handsomely chased or engraved in roman gold style. Ring No. 4 is set with five emerald stones, the largest in the center as shown in the engraving, the whole setting is what is called Tiffany row cluster style. The ring is a beauty and is a perfect imitation of a $15.00 ring. Ring No. 5 is a gold-filled band wedding ring. You see similar ones sold in jewelry stores for $2.00 upwards. Ring No. 6 is set with small "Andes" diamond in center and four ruby brilliant stones around it. It is a beautiful ring and is very popular. We give these rings free. Pick out any of the rings shown in this advertisement, mark the size ring you wish by drawing a circle on a piece of paper, and send it to us. All we ask is that you enclose 10c in silver or stamps to pay for three months' subscription to Boyce's monthly. We are offering the grandest inducements you ever heard of. We are bound to get a big subscription list and are giving these beautiful rings away so that every one will subscribe who sees the advertisement. Address, BOYCE'S MONTHLY,

Dept. B, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 3.

No. 4.

No. 5.

No. 6.

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THE KITCHEN AND TABLE

Helps for Housewives.

Those who have small kitchens will find a kitchen cabinet very convenient, and it can be made of an ordinary kitchen table. Get the husband or son who is handy with tools to spend some rainy day in this work. The space below the table should be filled with drawers and shelves for holding the rolling pin, spice box, soda, salt, mixing spoons, kitchen knives, and various other things that you have been trying to find a place for. The shelves may be protected from the dust by a curtain or door. Now cover the top with zinc and you will find it one of the most useful articles of kitchen furniture you ever had.

It is not necessary to raise a cloud of dust every time a carpeted floor is swept. Double two or thee old newspapers, wet them, tear them in pieces, squeeze or roll them between the hands until they form little balls, and scatter them over the floor. Raise the windows and sweep the carpet thoroughly. Most of the dust will be gathered into the papers, and it will look fresher and cleaner than if swept in the ordinary way. Upholstered furniture should always be covered while the sweeping is done.

Floors that are stained or oiled are easily kept clean. The material costs very little, and anyone can apply it. For an oak stain take raw sienna, add a little umber to it, and mix with half a pint of linseed oil and a quart of turpentine. A tablespoonful of Japan dryer put into the turpentine will make it dry quickly. A cheap dark brown stain, which is better for old floors than a lighter color, is made by mixing one-fourth of a pound of permanganate of potash in one quart of water. Apply with an old paint brush, and give the floor two coats if one does not make it dark enough. After the floor is stained, give it a coat of boiled linseed oil. If the oiling is repeated every spring the floor will look well.

Linoleum or oil cloth should never be washed with hot water. Heat the water until it is luke warm, dissolve a little borax in it, and add enough soap to make a suds. Wash your oil cloth, changing the water frequently as it grows dark. Nothing causes oil cloth to look dull and grimy so quickly as using lye, sal-soda or other strong chemicals in the water. Borax is an excellent cleansing agent, and does not fade the colors or injure the oil cloth in any way. After washing a small place, rinse with clear water and wipe dry with a soft cloth. This is the best method for cleaning painted floors, also.

Cane or rattan chairs can be cleaned a few times by washing with strong salt and water; after that you can stain them with any kind of wood stain. Scrub them with hot soap suds, rinse well, and when nearly dry, apply the stain boiling hot. Two coats may be needed to give a uniform color, then apply a coat of varnish, or they may be painted with enamel paint.

E. J. C.

Tempting Mixtures.

Hickory Nut Cake.—For this mix one-half cup of butter, two tea-cups of sugar, one cup of thin cream, three and one-half cups of flour sifted with three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, six eggs beaten separately, and one pint picked out and chopped hickory-nut meat.

Hickory Nut Cookies.—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one small teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one-half cup of sour milk, three eggs, and one cup of chopped nut-meat. Dip in sugar.

Honey Cake.—One cup butter, two cups of honey, four eggs well beaten, one tablespoonful of essence of lemon, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in half a cupful of sour milk, and flour enough to make it as stiff as can well be stirred. Bake at once in a quick oven.

Honey Cakes.—Mix a quart of strained honey with a pound of fresh butter, and the juice of two oranges or lemons; warm slightly, just enough to soften the butter; beat the mixture very hard, adding a grated nutmeg; mix in gradually about two pounds of flour, make into dough stiff enough to roll out easily. Then beat it well all over with the rolling pin, roll out half an inch thick, cut with a tumbler dipped frequently in flour; lay the cakes on shallow tins, slightly buttered, and bake well.

Eggplant Shells.—Cut the egg plant in two, lengthwise, scoop out until you have shells half an inch thick, which should be boiled till tender. Cut the portion taken out into rice, fry them to a delicate brown, pile lightly into the boiled shells, and sprinkle over them a little Parmesan cheese, a little chopped parsley, salt, and cayenne pepper. Serve hot.

Stuffed Sweet Potatoes.—Scrub the potatoes clean, then bake. Cut off one end of each and remove the inside with a pointed teaspoon, being careful not to break the skins. Press the potato part through a perforated masher, add a piece of butter and finely minced veal, ham, or chicken—a tablespoonful to each potato—season well, pack the mixture in the skins and return them to the oven for ten minutes more. These are an agreeable change from stuffed white potatoes.

Stuffed and Roasted Spanish Onions.—Peel a large Spanish onion and cut a slice from the top. Scoop out the inside, leaving a shell a half-inch thick. Put the part scooped out in a chopping bowl, and add to it a little sausage meat, some parsley, a small sweet pepper, removing the seeds, a tablespoonful of butter, season well with salt, add a good-sized slice of bread. Chop all these ingredients till very fine. Moisten them with water enough to make them adhere, then stuff the shell of the onion with them. Put it in a pan with a little water, put a lump of butter on top of the onion, and let it bake in a hot oven till so tender it can be pierced with a sharp fork. Serve as a vegetable. One large onion is sufficient for four or five persons.

Wine Custard.—Stick a large square of sponge cake full of blanched almonds, and then lay it in a deep glass dish, pour over it a tumbler of sherry, and when the wine has all soaked into the cake fill the dish half full of soft custard.

Almond Custard for Above.—One pint fresh milk, one cup of sugar, one-quarter pound of blanched almonds chopped; stir over the fire; add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs. Flavor with rose; pour over the cake, and pile the meringue made from the whites of eggs, on the custard.

Taking Out Stains.

Iron rust, which is seldom accounted for, should be removed as soon as seen. Lay on a generous coating of salt and over this squeeze the juice of a lemon until wet. It is not necessary to lay the rusty spots in the sun to effect their obliteration. When the salt is dry brush it off, and add more if the stain is not quite gone. Mildewed linen, unless of long standing, may be restored by being dipped in a solution of lime water made by adding a spoonful of chloride of lime to a quart of water. Repeat two or three times, in reality washing the spots in lime water. Rinse well or the lime water will make the material tender. This same solution will greatly aid in the bleaching of yellowed clothing. Soak the garment in the water for three or four hours, or a whole day if it is very yellow. Then rinse well and hang in the sun. Tar and the black grease spots now so likely to appear on the crash skirt in bicycling may be taken off with a coating of lard, the spot being rubbed precisely as if it were soaped. Wipe the lard off with a soft cloth and then wash well.

When the stain is on garments that cannot be washed spirits of turpentine should be used. Coffee, tea and wine stains on fine linen should be taken out before the linen is again washed. If boiling water passed through the stain will not eradicate it, javelle water will surely do so. This water, a very useful article to have always in the laundry, may be bought of a druggist or may be made at home as follows: Place two pounds of bicarbonate of soda and two quarts of hot water in a porcelain-lined kettle and when the soda is dissolved add half a pound of chloride of lime, stirring well with a wood stick. Set the water aside to settle and when clear strain the liquid through cheese-cloth and bottle tightly. When using allow half a pint of water to each quart of clear water, and soak the stained linen. Rinse in at least three waters. White goods alone may be so treated, as the water will take the color from colored goods.

Eggs as Food.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per cent water, and the yolk fifty-two percent. Practically, an egg is animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely; and many of these men are 80 and 90 years old, and have been remarkably free from sickness. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste, which is offensive to some, but does not harden the yolk so as to make them difficult to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion, except by those persons possessed of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. Fried eggs are much less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorous, which is supposed to be beneficial to those who use their brains much.—New York Ledger.

Cream of Corn Soup.

Score down the grains and press out the pulp from six good-sized ears of corn; add to this in a double boiler one quart of milk, a teaspoonful of grated onion, not more than one-eighth of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper, and, if you like, a teaspoonful of sugar. Rub together one tablespoonful of butter and two of flour, add to the soup and stir until thick. Serve in a hot tureen after pressing through a puree sieve.

Pear Pulp for Ices.

Peel and core a number of ripe pears. Cut in small pieces, put in a preserving kettle, with a very little water and stew until very soft. Rub through a sieve, measure and return to the fire. To each pint allow one-quarter of a pound of sugar, boil until very thick, can and seal.

BICYCLES WATCHES Free

Cameras, Air Rifles, Printing Presses, Typewriters, Gymnasium Goods, Magic Lanterns, and many other valuable premiums to honest boys and girls, who sell our CROWN INK POWDER. Each package makes 50c worth of fine black writing ink. We send postpaid, at our risk, as soon as you write, 18 ten cent packages with premium list and instructions so you can begin at once. Easy to sell. We are reliable and do as we say. Write to-day. CROSBIE CHEMICAL CO., Dept. 71, Chicago, Ill.

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Radically cured with a new and Infallible Home Treatment. No instruments—no pain. Can be used at home without exposure or detention from business. My treatment is of such a nature that it removes the stricture, and everything that is unnatural to the parts without affecting the well membrane. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. Consultation free, personally or by letter. State case and send for BOOK, which fully explains all about this treatment—sent sealed in plain envelope. Address DR. HENDERSON, 101 W. 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

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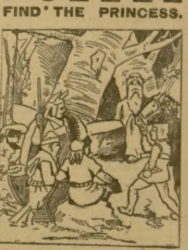

The above picture shows some men and boys in the woods searching for the princess. She is hid in the trees. She is the largest figure in the picture. Search carefully and you may find her. Study the picture carefully, turn it slowly around and you may discover the princess and win a handsome prize for your trouble. If you find her, draw a pencil mark around her, cut out the picture and send it to us with 10c to pay for a three months' trial subscription to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, and we will also send you free two of our beautiful stick pins, as shown in the illustration, for lady or gent.

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WHEN HE WAS IN INDIA.

The Colonel Was Foiled in Telling His Story.

BY RICHARD STILLMAN POWELL.

"Talking of pugarees," said the Colonel, "when I was in India—"

"And so after that I always wore a plain, every-day straw!" concluded the Doctor.

"When I was in India—" began the Colonel again.

"I used to wear a felt down in Arizona," interrupted the M. E., "until one day, after I had been riding for six solid hours across the desert, I reached Yuma with nothing left on my head but a steel buckle and a charred leather strap. But, of course, the heat that day was exceptional." The Lieutenant nodded his head, thereby virtually indorsing the veracity of the M. E.'s tale. The Colonel coughed loudly.

"Speaking of heat," he said, "when I was in India I knew a man—"

"About the hottest place I ever got into," remarked the Surgeon, "was the Grand Valley over on the other side of Colorado. I went over there to visit a friend who has a fruit ranch. Perhaps you don't know, gentlemen, that they raise fruit in that valley that's way over anything ever turned out by the Garden of Eden? Well, it's a fact; I saw peaches there as big as my two fists—and I haven't got what you'd call a delicate hand, either—and as for plums! Well, you'd think me a liar if I told you how big plums grew there." There was no contradiction and the Surgeon went on.

"But there's one difficulty with the raising of fruit in the Grand Valley and that's the heat. I was there in June, and may I be called a chloroformed catfish if I ever saw hotter weather in my life. This friend of mine has a prune ranch, eighty acres of as pretty trees as you ever saw, and, I tell you, a prune's a mighty pretty fruit when it's ripe. But there was the trouble. He couldn't pick 'em when they were ripe. One day they'd be all ready to turn mellow, and the next day, before he could begin to pick them off the trees, they'd be stewed prunes, as I'm a sinner! The heat of the sun just boiled the juice in 'em—and a prune in its natural state is just full of juice, gentlemen—and there they'd hang, bushels and bushels of stewed prunes, just ready to drop off the twigs!" The Surgeon paused and puffed hurriedly at his pipe. The Colonel shuffled his feet impatiently, and began again:

"Well, this man I was speaking of had a little place over near Bambonugger. Bambonugger, I may explain—" But the Surgeon's pipe was going beautifully again.

"One year he tried putting awnings over the trees just before the fruit began to turn, but the awnings cost so much there was no money in it. Another year he laid pipes around the trunks of the trees and circulated ice water through the orchard. But that too, was rather expensive."

"Why didn't he pick the prunes green and let them ripen indoors?" asked the Lieutenant.

"Oh, he thought of that; in fact, tried it once, but it didn't work. The houses there are so hot that the prunes just stewed in their green state and wren't good for anything. No, the only way he could do was to pick them after they were stewed and can them right there on the ranch. He shipped thirty-seven cars of stewed prunes last year, and writes me he expects to double that this year. The market was rather weak for them at first; prunes ready stewed was a bit of an innovation; but they're catching on fast now, and my friend gets dozens of testimonials every week from hotel and boarding-house keepers." The Colonel arose.

"When I was in India, gentlemen—"

"All right, Colonel; when you were in India—?" asked the Surgeon.

"When I was in India, gentlemen, I was allowed to tell a story without being interrupted by a parcel of damphools! Good-evening, gentlemen!" And the Colonel stalked indignantly out.

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"Speaking of disappointed men," exclaimed the cynical person. "I never saw so complete a specimen."

"Political candidate?"

"No. He got back from the Klondike just in time to see where our baseball club is finishing."

Useful in His Business.

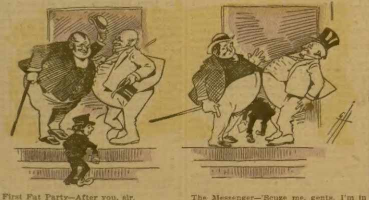
Mr. Teeters—My son John is cultivating a fine literary style.

Mr. Whiffet—Is he going to write novels for a living?

Mr. Teeters—No; he thinks he'll be a professional prize-fighter.

A Fruit Jar.

There's a young swell of Savannah
Who's broke up in a terrible mannah
On the sidewalk, alas!
See that dead, mangled mass,
Um-ta-ra-ra-bing! bing! ! * ! ! * bannannah!



First Fat Party—After you, sir.
Second Ditto—No, sir; after you.

The Messenger—'Scuze me, gents, I'm in a hurry.

Safety.

"What do you think of General Weyler?" asked one Spanish politician. "Is he what you'd call a safe man in an emergency?"

"Undoubtedly," answered the warm partisan. "Look at his record. When there was trouble in Cuba he never got any closer than the telegraph office. Why, he was one of the safest men in the whole war."

On His Hands.

He was a jolly sailor,
And one day, while in a calm,
He had an elephant tattoed,
The half on either palm.
Now looks on it with sorrow,
And ere the good ships lands
He sees that he, in every sense,
Has an "elephant on his hands."

Opinions of a Pessimist.

Many a man is suspected of being cruel when his wife's pained expression is due to tight shoes.

If men could see themselves as others see them the woods would be full of people.

A man who is always striving for things that are beyond his reach frequently gets others that are equally as good.

As a rule homely girls know more than pretty ones, but most men are afraid to praise them for it.

The woman passenger who says she would rather stand, when you offer your seat to her, gets mad if you take her word for it.

Some men are held back by their wives, but they probably wouldn't get there anyway.

Good Doctors to Have Around.

"I see that they have had smallpox in a certain Ohio town for six months, the doctors thinking it was merely an eruption of some kind, and only one person has died from the effects of it."

"That settles it. I'm going to be a christian scientist hereafter."

"What's that got to do with christian science?"

"Everything. Do you suppose those people would have pulled through as they did if they had known they were having smallpox? Not by a long shot! They'd have died off by the dozen! Those doctors ought to be handsomely rewarded for what they didn't know."

The Usher Wept.

Paddy Dugan, who prides himself on his wrestling powers, recently visited a country church. The minister had just made an earnest plea for subscriptions toward building a new church, and he had requested ushers to walk around among the congregation and solicit. One of the ushers approached Paddy and said: "A stranger here, are you not? I'm sure I can put you down for ten dollars." Paddy arose right up and surveyed the usher with great contempt, and finally ejaculated: "Yesz can put me down fur tin dollars, can yez! Phy, yez broom-sthick, thin-faced omogan, O'll bet yes tin toimes tin dollars thot yez couldn't throw me wanst in a thousand toimes."

So Sensitive.

Wump—Why, Snoddle, what's the matter? You look like the last man to escape from a football game; what hit you?

Snoddle—O, I can tell you Wump. Last night Jimpson and I left the Salvation Army meeting together, for home, we talked; Jimpson grew serious; said years ago, under peculiar circumstances, he was strongly convicted of sin, but after a while it wore away without his making a profession.

Wump—Then what?

Snoddle—Well, I only called him an ex-convict. Some people are so sensitive.

The Coming Primer.

See the hen.
Is it not a fine hen?
Yes; it is a fine hen.
Is the hen up?
Yes; the hen is up—on the fence.
Does the hen lay eggs?
No; the hen does not lay eggs.
What is the hen doing up on the fence?
The hen is trying to crow.
What kind of a hen is this?
This is a new hen. —Carl Currie.

Political Acumen.

The gallant knight, with one blow of his huge battle ax, cleft his adversary in twain.

"Huzza!" they shouted, who witnessed the deed.

"O, that is one of the elementary principles of politics," said the hero, modestly. "Always split the opposition, if possible."

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